



EXCLUSIVE

Meet the (weary) parents
of America's only sextuplets

NOVEMBER 22, 1993 \$2.29

People

weekly

AT HOME WITH

MARIAH CAREY

She's a pop
music sensation
at 24—but is her
secret in her pipes
or her dream
marriage to the
most powerful
man in music?



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Lauren Hutton

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RESULTS

November 22, 1993
Vol. 40, No. 21



FACING THE PAST

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Mariah Carey is the Cinderella of Pop. She lives in a fairy-tale house with her fairy-tale mogul. So where's the pumpkin?

82





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MAN OF IMAGE 2

STAY LOST? NO! HE'S THE ARTIST WHO'S GREATEST FINDS? UNUSUAL! YES! HE'S THE ARTIST WHO'S GREATEST FINDS? UNUSUAL! YES! HE'S THE ARTIST WHO'S GREATEST FINDS? UNUSUAL! YES! HE'S THE ARTIST WHO'S GREATEST FINDS? UNUSUAL! YES!

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is they don't get gray and fuzzy in the back of
the fridge." -Todd, 24, San Diego

*(The short version is you just
shake the can and eat 'em
with a fork.)

I  PEACHES

MAIL

There is apparently nothing fickle about the fans who once performed rites of adoration at the shrines of erstwhile teen idols David and Shaun Cassidy (PEOPLE, Nov. 1). They loved the Cassidys then; they love them now. Concerning other matters, most correspondents weighed in on the side of individual responsibility. They refused to blame a Texas school board for the plight of three pregnant students who were suspended from their school's cheerleading squad (they have since been reinstated) or to find the movie *The Program* responsible for the deaths of teenagers killed while imitating a harebrained stunt from the film.

DAVID & SHAUN CASSIDY

Talk about weird! A friend and I were just discussing who our teen idols were as children. Hers was David Cassidy and mine was Shaun. What a great surprise and treat this issue was for both of us!

• VERONICA ALLEN, Buffalo

Although they are known primarily for their looks and their voices, it is David and Shaun Cassidy's fine dramatic performances that bring the *Blood Brothers* crowd to its feet night after night. The Cassidy brothers have amply proved that "teen idol" is not synonymous with "no talent."

• JANICE STETT, Lisle, Ill.

It's great to see that David and Shaun Cassidy are still alive and well and doing fine. But somebody forgot something David has done—he wrote and performed the theme song for *The John Larroquette Show*.

• TERRIE NEILSON, Kankakee, Ill.

HEMPSTEAD HIGH CHEERLEADERS

I read your article on the pregnant cheerleaders from Hempstead High School, and I was disgusted that everyone involved is trying to pass the buck. It's time people stopped blaming their mistakes on racism, the school boards and other people's shortcomings. The responsibility for

these pregnancies lies with the girls, their parents and the young men who decided having unprotected sex was worth the risk.

• CAROLE A. HOLDEN, Stoney Creek, Ont.

The idea that these girls not be allowed to cheer had nothing at all to do with their skin color—it is because they are unwed pregnant teenagers. It's hard to believe that even in a small town they have never heard of safe sex. We need to send the message that unwed teenage pregnancies are not acceptable.

• JENNIFER DAWN BELL
Patrick Springs, Va.

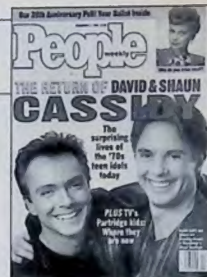
Charles Dodd is attempting to place the blame on the school system for not teaching sex education at an earlier age. This is a classic cop-out. Sex education should be taught in the home!

• LE ANNE DIX, Saginaw, Texas

MICHAEL SHINGLEDECKER

The entertainment industry is far from perfect. However, it is not fair to expect movies to always depict reality. That isn't the purpose of a movie. People go to movies to escape reality for two hours. To insure that no one gets hurt, actors and stuntmen take part in painstakingly choreographed scenes. I am sad that young men have died [imitating these scenes], but I don't think you can simply point a finger at the entertainment industry without also pointing a finger at the boys themselves for bad judgment and just plain stupidity.

• BARBARA BAKST, Beverly Hills



Your article hit home. I live with three children and preview even the PG-rated movies for violence, sex and stunts like the one in *The Program*. While I understand the right the movie industry has to film whatever trash it may, your article clearly calls for a more responsible type of entertainment industry.

• LAURA SHUMARD, Sarasota, Fla.

HOWARD STERN

I happened to catch Howard Stern's radio show several days ago. He was joking about Vanna White's mis-carriage and how funny it would have been to see it happen live on TV. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Isn't there enough hatred and cruelty in the world without Howard Stern promoting it in the name of humor? Anyone who would pay this man two cents for his driveline needs to get a life—and more importantly, a heart.

• MARK WYATT, Fort Worth

It is a sad, sad commentary on the state of our affairs in this country today when 25,000 people show up *anywhere* to meet a pathetic individual like Howard Stern.

• JENNI F. KEITH, Nashville

I'm a 32-year-old female engineer who watches Regis and Kathie Lee, listens to Barry Manilow and loves Howard Stern. I despised Howard the first couple of times I listened to him, but for some strange reason I continued to listen until I found myself completely addicted. Now I have to admit I find the man to be gorgeous, witty, one hell of a writer and an extraordinary entertainer! Thanks for writing about him.

• MARY TOSCANO, Santa Cruz, Calif.

PEOPLE welcomes letters to the editors. Mail should be addressed to **PEOPLE**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020 and should include the writer's full name, address and daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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STAR TRACKS



◀ Forget those exercise videos! Horsewoman **Christie Brinkley** has found an even better way to remove saddle bags by riding hard in the cutting horse competition at the National Horse Show in East Rutherford, N.J.

MICHAEL GEMERIN/CF

► Hollywood heavyweight **Sylvester Stallone** helped pal **Dan Johnson** keep his chin up at the Evander Holyfield-Riddick Bowe bout in Las Vegas. Stallone's hoping for a knockout with *Rambo IV*.

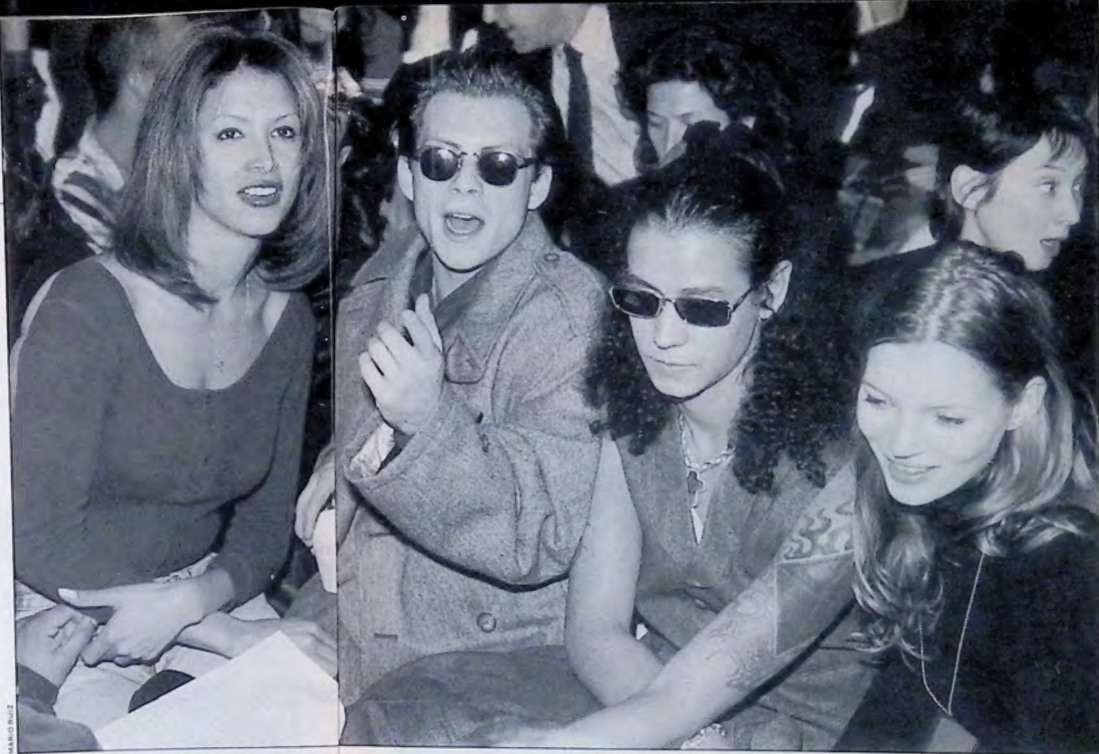


MARK RUFF



◀ **Rhonda Ross**, 22, gave a hand to mom **Diana**, who visited 'Tatou in Manhattan to hear Rhonda, a recent Brown graduate, sing the blues. Mom's new autobiography, *Secrets of a Sparrow*, recently landed in stores.

DAN COHEN



Model mania: **Christian Slater** had a clothes call at the Todd Oldham spring fashion show in New York City with (from left) mannequins **Kara Young**, **Jaye Davidson** (*The Crying Game*) and **Kate Moss**. Meanwhile, Canadian supermodel **Linda Evangelista** (below), at 5'9½", found the perfect match in beau **Kyle MacLachlan**, 6' plus, who watched her stand tall in designer Anna Sui's spring show.



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PICKS & PANS

Y OFFICIAL DENIAL Parker Stevenson and an alien say grace over some finger food.



by David Hiltbrand

Planning to watch Madonna's live concert on HBO (Sat., Nov. 20, 10:15 p.m. ET)? Be advised: Despite the tour's red-light name—*The Girlie Show*—and some risqué moments, this is not Madonna's usual Disco Night in Tijuana. It's a surprisingly sophisticated show, with great stage design and costumes, provocative choreography and fresh musical arrangements (for instance, her phlegmatic Marlene Dietrich vamp through "Like a Virgin"). But what's with Madonna's scraggly Steve McQueen haircut? It adds five hard years to her looks.

FUGITIVE NIGHTS: DANGER IN THE DESERT

NBC (Fri., Nov. 19, 9 p.m. ET)

Teri Garr plays a Palm Springs private eye who asks for help from a boozy local cop (Sam Elliott) on a case involving a wealthy man and a fertility clinic.

Based on a Joseph Wambaugh mystery, the movie is full of groaningly labored lines. A bartender warns Elliott, "You're having more blackouts than London in the blitz." Elliott asks Garr, "Can we get off the phone now? This [conversation] has gone on longer than the Lebanese civil war."

Tin-eared dialogue aside, the movie's easy pace and breezy attitude are reminiscent of *The Rockford Files*. Like James Garner, Elliott is always enjoyable. Grade: **B-**

OFFICIAL DENIAL

Sci-Fi (Sat., Nov. 20, 8 p.m. ET)

Parker Stevenson plays a guy who keeps getting beamed up to a UFO where aliens conduct medical experiments on him that involve sticking a big drill up his nostrils. The Air Force knows all about these visitations. In fact, they use some of the expensive Star Wars technology we've



got lying around to shoot the spaceship down and capture one of the aliens, a spindly little guy who looks like he stepped out of a chalky Keith Haring painting. The government's cover-up team brings Stevenson in to try to communicate with the alien. That leads, as these alien movies somehow always do, to an interstate chase.

Along with Hardy Boy Parker, the cast of this clunky but entertaining spectacle is stocked with familiar TV faces like Erin Gray (*Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*), Chad Everett (*Medical Center*) and Dirk Benedict (*A-Team*). Grade: **B-**

JFK: RECKLESS YOUTH

ABC (Sun., Nov. 21, 9 p.m. ET)

This miniseries, based on Nigel Hamilton's biography of the assassinated President, unfolds not unlike Shakespeare's *Henry V*: After years of sowing his wild oats with abandon, our noble hero transforms himself overnight into a valiant leader.

The film's dominant theme is established in the opening scene, in which we see young Jack (Patrick Dempsey) sneak out of a hospital to literally put on the Ritz (or at least go there). It ►



seems that the formative years of the man who would be President were an endless round of sickbeds and swellegant affairs. The crucible that changes JFK from an inveterate prankster and skirt-chaser into the prince of American politics is World War II—specifically the sinking of his PT boat in the Pacific and the death of his groomed-for-success older brother, Joe. The story ends (on Tuesday) with Jack's first congressional campaign, which allowed him to emerge from the dominating shadow cast by his father, Terry Kinney plays the Kennedy patriarch, the browbeating Joe Sr. (with a Boston accent that at times sounds more like Walter Brennan's).

It's a burnished if at times banal bio, elevated by lavish and convincing period detail and Dempsey's roguishly energetic sally through the role. The mini loses much of its wattage on the second night, but Dempsey looks smart in a Navy uniform. Grade: B

PICKS & PANS



A WALTON THANKSGIVING REUNION

CBS (Sun., Nov. 21, 9 p.m. ET)

They're back, all the folks from TV's long-running rustic epic, just as aw-shucks sincere and huggable as ever. It's 1963, and they're

◀ JFK: RECKLESS YOUTH Patrick Dempsey on Navy duty in this prepolitical bio.

reconvening on Walton's Mountain for Thanksgiving—a fitting holiday for TV's most puritanical crew. But all is not sweetness and light: It's the week JFK is assassinated.

Incredibly, almost all the original cast is back. John-Boy (Richard Thomas, who is profiled on page 79) is now a pious New York City TV personality. Jason (Jon Walmsley) is a struggling musician. Etc. Etc.

There's breakfast conversation such as, "He's been just impossible since his father went to Vietnam." Hey, gotta cram in that exposition somehow. Homilies fly thicker than Christmas shopping catalogs.

So much turkey. So few trimmings. Grade: C

A FAMILY TORN APART

NBC (Sun., Nov. 21, 9 p.m. ET)

A couple is butchered, and the police investigation first focuses on the eldest of their three adopted children

(Roseanne's Johnny Galecki), who has a history of violent behavior. Neil Patrick Harris (Doogie Howser, M.D.) plays the quiet, well-behaved son. Slowly, some very ugly facts about this devout, respectable family emerge. (There are parallels to the Menendez murder trial in California, but this film is based on events that took place near Annapolis, Md., a decade ago.)

For a fact-based film, this is unusually dramatic, thanks to a sinuous plot, Craig Baxley's sure-handed direction and good acting, especially a totally spooky, wigged-out performance by Linda Kelsey as the mother. Lisa Baner, John M. Jackson and Gregory Harrison costar. Grade: B+

BEYOND SUSPICION

NBC (Mon., Nov. 22, 9 p.m. ET)

Genial St. Louis dentist by day, proud papa in the evening, incredible lover to his wife at night. The character Corbin Bernsen plays is all these things. Of course, this being Sweeps month, he's also got a remarkably nefarious secret life.

PICKS & PANS

Late in the game, Bernsen's wife (Markie Post) discovers that things are terribly amiss. She cooperates with a federal agent (Kelsey Grammer) to take down her murdering mate.

This real-life suspense film, which

carries a violence warning, holds one's attention. Bernsen's mother, a storefront palm reader, is played by his actual mom, Jeanne Cooper. And his partner-in-crime is played by Patrick Swayze's brother Don. Grade: B

Spotlight On . . . Ted Harbert

ABC'S PRIME-TIME STEWARD REFLECTS ON THE SEASON

No one cares as much about TV as the four guys who head up the entertainment divisions at the networks. After all, they are the ones who put together the prime time schedules. And it is their professional reputations that rise and fall with the ratings. During the next few weeks, we'll ask each of them for a state-of-the-season address. First up: ABC's Ted Harbert. Hottest Rookies: "NYPD Blue, Grace Under Fire and Boy Meets World have popped out the quickest. But they're



A TED HARBERT The ABC exec plays show-and-tell.

in strong time periods with terrific lead-ins. I'm very proud," Harbert says, "that *Thea* is doing so well by itself at 8 o'clock." Disappointments: "Missing Persons and *Lois & Clark*. They're both doing good jobs, and I just need more people to get a look at those shows."

Wouldn't Mind Borrowing: *The John Larroquette Show* (NBC) and *X-Files* (Fox).

On Deck: "We've got *The Critic*, an animated show from the people who do *The Simpsons*. *Byrds of Paradise* is the next Steven Bochco show, set in Hawaii. Tim Busfield stars."

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SCREEN

THE PIANO

Holly Hunter, Harvey Keitel, Sam Neill

Except for a few minutes of voice-over narration, Hunter never speaks in this haunting Australian movie, but she gives what is probably her best performance yet (it also seems safe to say, with fall flying by, that it is the finest of the year). As a mute 19th-century Scotswoman who becomes a sort of mail-order bride to a New Zealand settler (Neill), then drifts into an affair with his neighbor (Keitel), Hunter is frail-looking but fierce, investing every moment with gravity and fire. Just consider one significant gesture: the oddly ecstatic way she strokes the keys of her piano—the instrument on which her adulterous affair hinges—with the back of her hand, as if she were caressing Keitel's cheek. Hunter makes this woman—who at first can

express her feelings only through music—an almost mythically powerful character, as memorably vivid as one of Thomas Hardy's headstrong, rustic heroines. Like them, she is hounded by destiny, lovers and personal demons, and her drama is acted out against a wild, primal landscape of forest and sea.

Writer and director Jane Campion is perhaps not as sure-footed setting up the central triangle as one might wish, and whenever the story moves indoors—to Keitel's and Neill's cabins—the movie feels musty and crabbed (although maybe that's the point). But these are the tiniest of quibbles when weighed against Hunter's performance. Stuart Dryburgh's cinematography (one early, dusky close-up of Hunter, just before she accompanies her new husband inland, could be a movie in itself) and Michael Nyman's romantic but slightly chilly score. The movie is a beautiful, and rare, accomplishment: a distillation of passion, tinged with regret, tenderness and warmth. It's what a pianist would call a nocturne. (R) ■ TOM GIATTO

PICKS & PANS

MY LIFE

Michael Keaton, Nicole Kidman

Keaton is an executive dying of cancer. His wife, Kidman, is pregnant, and he is videotaping an autobiography for the child. For most of the movie, he and the other actors address the camera directly.

Keaton whines, blames his parents for ruining his life and castigates his doctors for not curing him. As the cancer spreads, he flounders around in search of a miracle, even stooping to seeing a faith healer (Haing S. Ngor).

Keaton controls his tendency to lapse into flippancy. Kidman, in a shockingly flimsy role, is passivity defined. If she were any less gorgeous, she would fade into the scenery. Except for the eventual baby, played by the very cute Colby Sawyer Garabedian, the secondary parts are even more weakly cast. For a movie about cancer that displays some courage and honesty, see Joel Schumacher's *Dying Young*. (PG-13) ■ RALPH NOLAN



A THE PIANO Holly Hunter arrives in New Zealand with daughter Anna Paquin to begin a new life with a husband she has never seen.

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■ PICKS & PANS ■



▼ **THE THREE MUSKETEERS**
(from left) Charlie Sheen, Chris O'Donnell (as D'Artagnan), Oliver Platt and Kiefer Sutherland.



THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Gabrielle Anwar, Tim Curry, Rebecca de Mornay, Chris O'Donnell, Oliver Platt, Charlie Sheen, Kiefer Sutherland

Here is living demonstration of the word "foolproof," as it applies to Alexandre Dumas's romantic, classic adventure yarn, at least.

The foolishness at issue is that of producers Joe Roth and Roger Birnbaum, who want to pass off the non-charismatic, lame Sheen and Sutherland as action heroes and cast de Mornay in a role once played by Lana Turner. Nevertheless, by using invigorating action sequences, colorful Austrian locations and an unhesitating pace, Roth, Birnbaum and director Stephen Herek concoct a splendidly engaging, lively action film.

Dumas's plot, of course, makes up for a lot of flaws. A young Frenchman, O'Donnell, arrives in Paris, hoping to join the elite royal guard, the Musketeers, just as the unit is being disbanded by ambitious cleric Cardinal Richelieu, an overdrawn real-life personality played by Curry.

O'Donnell joins forces with three Musketeer veterans, Platt, Sheen and Sutherland, to try to foil a coup planned by Curry, his minionette de Mornay and the sheriff of Nottingham surrogate, Michael Witcott.

The snarly Sheen and phlegmatic Sutherland are oddly counterheroic. The only thing more laughable than Sutherland's getting tough, for instance, is Sheen's getting tough. De Mornay, pouting full-time as usual, trots out her serious acting mode, which consists of widening her eyes during Big Moments, such as when she resists the advances of the lecherous Curry. Anwar, as wan an actress as there is, plays Queen Anne. Hugh O'Connor, who looks like a combination of Winona Ryder and Laurence Olivier in his *Richard III* makeup, plays the floppy King Louis.

The antic tone of the proceedings makes it hard to get too worked up over the concluding sequences, but Dumas's "One for all; all for one" schmaltz is impossible to resist. (PG)

■ R.A.

LOOK WHO'S TALKING NOW

Kirstie Alley, John Travolta

The surprise hit *Look Who's Talking* featured a loquacious male infant; in the sequel there was a chatty female kid. Now, in this eager-to-please if slickly packaged continuation of the saga, there are dishing dogs. Alley and Travolta are back as the parents of a 4-year-old daughter (Tabitha Lupien) who's fixated on the Phoenix Suns and a 6-year-old son (David Gallagher) who's determined

■ PICKS & PANS ■

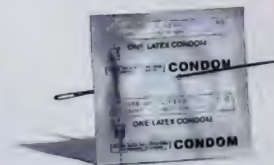
to get a dog. Travolta is hired as the private pilot for a blond cosmetics tycoon (Lysette Anthony) who has designs on her newest employee. When she leaves her impeccably groomed poodle (the voice of Diane Keaton) with Alley and Travolta at the same time they bring home a dog-pound mutt (the voice of Danny DeVito), the class war begins. What transpires between the mismatched canines—he eats designer shoes; she has daily paw-dicures—is far funnier than what goes on with their masters. For example, there's the night the bumptious DeVito-dog takes the disdainful Keaton-canine on the town and teaches her to enjoy the swinish things of life: going without a leash, rooting through the garbage outside Chinese restaurants for moo goo gai pan and sloshing through the mud. Dopey. Uh huh. But perfectly genial doggerel. (PG-13)

■ JOANNE KALFMAN

THE NUTCRACKER

Macaulay Culkin, Jessica Lynn Cohen, *The New York City Ballet*

The dancing in this holiday perennial is swell. But putting Tchaikovsky's most famous work on film has done nothing to enhance it. Quite the opposite. The 13-year-old Culkin, for all of his star billing, is hardly the movie's focus and rarely dances. The story centers on a young girl (12-year-old Cohen in an inauspicious debut) who's given a nutcracker doll as a Christmas present by a mysterious uncle. She falls asleep and dreams that the toy transforms itself first into a soldier that saves her from enormous mice, and then into a dashing prince (Culkin, who first performed *The Nutcracker* at the New York City Ballet in 1989). Unfortunately the first-act Christmas Eve celebration is shot primarily from close range. While bold gestures and exaggerated facial expressions are required for theater productions, here the broadness looks ridiculously stagey. The second act, a panoply of dance, which would have benefited from some close-ups, is shot from a distance, thus offering views no better than those at live performances. Factor in a smirking and rather graceless Culkin and an overacting Cohen, and the result is a flat-footed *Nutcracker* (G) ■ J.K.



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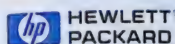
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PICKS & PANS



A PEARL JAM From left, Eddie Vedder, Mike McCready, Jeff Ament, Dave Abbruzzese and Stone Gossard: rock and rage.



VS.

Pearl Jam

Pearl Jam's follow-up to *Ten*, their multiplatinum 1991 debut, is so stylistically varied that it renders moot the esoteric quibbling about which balkanized subgenre the Seattle band belongs to. (Alternative? Grunge? Metal?)

Reluctant rock-messiah-of-the-week Eddie Vedder solidifies the reputation he earned with *Ten*'s Oprahic tales of childhood trauma ("Alive," "Jeremy") as rock's most therapeutic singer-lyricist. Pearl Jam continues to reach for the heroic gesture, be it a swooping Mike McCready guitar break, a cathartic Vedder screamer or an open-veined, candid story (singing of the bitter end of a relationship in "Rearviewmirror" or the haunting effects of time and memory in "Elderly Woman Behind the Counter in a Small Town").

Vedder, guitarist Stone Gossard

and bassist Jeff Ament work together like fingers on the same musician's hand, and drummer Dave Abbruzzese adds inventive rhythmic variety to the bubbling cauldron.

Vedder's demon-exorcising baritone resonates with inner children by the millions, but he's not bereft of humor or irony. He rails against gun proliferation ("Glorified G") and white-male privilege ("W.M.A.") in a sardonic voice that suggests he knows how futile his protestations are. In "Rats" he even makes a jokey allusion to Michael Jackson's "Ben."

Even the album title seems ironic, since Pearl Jam has few enemies—they've won over multitudes of listeners, charmed the media and buried the hatchet with crosstown rival Nirvana. Now they're defeating sophomore-slump syndrome as well. (Epic)

■ GARY SUSMAN

MUSEUM OF HEART

Dave Alvin

From founding the Blasters in the early 1980s to playing with the punk group X to sojourns in coun-

try (with the Knitters) and "Psycho Vegas-billy-R&B-lounge" music (with Mojo Nixon, as the Pleasure Barons), Dave Alvin's résumé as a guitarist and songwriter is never less than adventurous. On his third solo album, Alvin plays short-order cook, combining R&B and rockabilly, flavoring with blues and adding a pinch of surf guitar. Add lyrics that make up a collection of vignettes about life's down-and-outers that would make, say, barfly poet Charles Bukowski jealous, and what have you? A disc that's like dinner at your favorite dive—tasty stuff. (HighTone Records) ■ TODD GOLD

TEMPTATION

Shelby Lynne

While Lynne's new look makes her resemble a truckstop Piaf, her new sound evokes the Big Band era—and suggests that she would have made a splendid Western Swing band singer. From "Temptation," the sensuous title tune, to the more romantic "I Need a Heart to Come Home To," Lynne, producer Brent Maher and horn arranger Buddy Skipper >

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PICKS & PANS

song

generate a fluid sound. Pianist Bobby Ogden and steel guitarist Paul Franklin merit assists too.

There are no excursions into Ellington, which Lynne has made on past albums, and the song selection could have used some spice. Nepotism might be a factor. Maher himself has a writing credit on eight of 10 tracks. This isn't necessarily bad, since he and his usual writing partners, including Mike Reid and Don Schlitz, have turned out a lot of listenable as well as marketable country music. In this case, though, there's a dulling sameness to many of the tunes (three of the titles are an identical eight syllables long). Look and material aside, Lynne is in terrific voice and remains a bright spot among the youngest generation of country singers. All four of her albums have been fun and surprising. (Mercury)

■ RALPH NOVAK

MEXICAN MOON

Concrete Blonde

There can be no denying the power and the glory of a full-throated voice let loose, and Johnette Napolitano knows it. Over the course of four albums (this is the fifth), her band,



A SHELBY LYNNE: This country girl sounds more and more like a chanteuse manqué.



A CONCRETE BLONDE Jim Mankey, Johnette Napolitano and Harry Rushakoff

Concrete Blonde, has made forceful, adult rock and roll that demands attention. Napolitano has a voice that pulls no punches; it is alternately passionate, tough, playful and aggressive, but always womanly.

For close to a decade now, Concrete Blonde has languished around the cult-band hinterlands. In a perfect cosmos their dramatic, gothic, guitar-laden, guts-and-soul music would dominate the music charts. Perhaps Concrete Blonde's intensity is just a little bit too real for a generation that was weaned on facade, for there is nothing phony or cute on this disc. The proof of that can be heard in songs like the cascading "Heal It Up" and a faithful cover of Roxy Music's "End of the Line." Even in its quieter moments, *Mexican Moon* seethes with emotion. (Capitol) ■ AMY LINDEN

DESIRE WALKS ON

Heart

It has been nearly 20 years since Heart's Ann and Nancy Wilson came out of Seattle with their brand of folk-tinged, Led Zeppelin-influenced rock and roll. The sisters hit the Top 40 in the late '70s with such hit tunes as "Barracuda" and "Magic Man" and got hotter in the '80s after transforming themselves into a pseudo-metal powerhouse.

Now the Wilsons have mixed ➤

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■ PICKS & PANS ■

song

arena bombast with the acoustic sound of their earlier work and come up with an album that both rocks and strolls. Ann's voice, which has always been Heart's strength, can still tear a song to bits. She howls, more than sings, on "Rage," working into a fist-pumping

climax. On the softer "Ring Them Bells," an ecclesiastical lullaby, she joins Nancy and Layne Staley of Alice in Chains, singing to heaven in a tone both sweet and soulful.

Whether rocking fast or strumming slow, this pre-grunge sister act reminds us that Seattle was making big noise long before we'd ever heard of Eddie Vedder. (Capitol)

■ BRIAN CARMODY

> THE WILSONS:

"It's been up and down both personally and professionally over the years," says Nancy (right), "but we, like Scarlett O'Hara, wouldn't give up."



Talking With... Ann and Nancy Wilson

HEART TO HEART

"WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN, SUNDAY morning around the Wilson pad was pancakes and *Madame Butterfly*," says Nancy Wilson, 39, the blond half of Heart. "Music was a big part of our growing up. Our parents would take us to the opera, and at home we'd listen to Ray Charles, Peggy Lee, Judy Garland—all kinds of great stuff." Before they were in their teens, Nancy and Ann, now 42, were banging around in the basement of their Seattle home, learning to make music.

In the mid-'70s the sisters got their big break when, after a scheduled act pulled out, they opened for Rod Stewart in Montreal. Since then, they have played stadium-size shows that rock with intensity but make little personal connection with the audience. Their 12-city tour, kicking off in Buffalo this

week, is different. Heart will now play in the more intimate realm of theaters. "It's something we've wanted to do for a long time," says Ann, "to present a very strange, beautiful, musical evening—something you can't do in a hockey arena."

The Wilsons' new album has a more intimate feel as well, in part because it was recorded at their Bad Animal Studio in Seattle, where they live (Ann is unmarried and the mother of one adopted daughter; Nancy and her husband, director Cameron Crowe, have no children). The CD was created with "no one breathing down our necks," says Ann. "It was very private, just the producers and ourselves, and we made the record exactly how we wanted to, using mostly our own songs. It was all very relaxed."

■ BRIAN CARMODY

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■ PICKS & PANS ■



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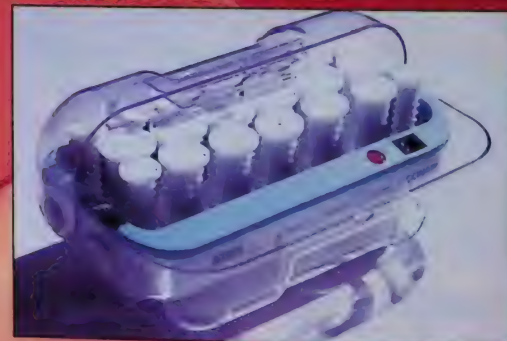
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WAY OUT WEST

by Jane and Michael Stern

Can there be a soul so calloused by modern life that he or she doesn't thrill to the sight of a magnificent palomino rearing up, to the sorrowful sound of a lonesome cowboy song, or to the inviting smell of bacon sizzling in a skillet over the morning campfire? Well, maybe, but not by the name of Jane or Michael Stern. The Sterns are American pop culture vultures who always bring an air of unbridled zest to their books, which have included *Roadfood*, *Elvis World* and, more recently, *The Encyclopedia of Bad Taste*.

In *Way Out West*, their 18th volume, the Sterns happily hit the trail again, this time roping readers into big-sky country and points south with their eye-popping illustrations, goofy photos, witty text and quirky observations. A chapter on cowboy sidekicks, for example, divides the species into grizzled cranks (Gabby Hayes), men of girth (Andy Devine), strangely behaved ethnics (Tonto) and the physically challenged (Zorro's mute manservant, Bernardo).

There are sections on how to ride, rope, dress, dance and sing like a cowboy or cowgirl. (If you are going to dress and dance like a cowboy, you should wear pointy boots, a big belt buckle and a loud, tight shirt with pearl snap buttons. Also, keep your fancy footwork below the belt:

PICKS & PANS

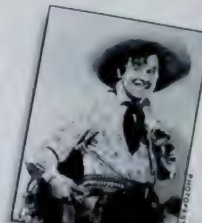
"Above the belt line, a cowboy always maintains his purposeful, masculine demeanor."

In a chapter on equine superstars, the Sterns visit Gene Autry's Champion—the World's Wonder Horse—and Roy Rogers's beloved Trigger

(he is *not* stuffed, he is mounted, meaning his hide is stretched over an armature). And, as they hop along the highway past ghost towns, trading posts and signs that shout "Howdy!" the Sterns tell us where to eat (barbecue in Texas, hot chile



JANE AND MICHAEL STERN
"We wanted to recapture the wonderment of the mythological West," says Jane, with Michael and their Appaloosa, K.T. (Hoot Gibson, inset right, and Leo Carillo as Pancho.)



Talking With . . . Jane and Michael Stern

DRIVE, SHE SAID

Jane and Michael Stern, both 47, have been navigating the back roads of America for the past 20 years. To get *Way Out West*, they set their compass toward the Pacific, making 20-odd trips, covering some 150,000 miles over two years. "We'd decide we hadn't seen Montana, so we'd go spend a month there," says Michael, who is usually the one behind the wheel of their Jeep Wagoneer. "I drive too fast," he says. "I never ask directions, and so we get lost constantly." Often with serendipitous re-

sults. How else, for example, would they have discovered May's Exotic World of Giant Tropical Insects in Colorado Springs? While Michael drives, Jane complains. "I'm one of the great travel neurotics," she confesses. "What if I get an anxiety attack and there's no hospital for 200 miles? Michael likes to choose the skinniest roads on the map. The last route he took, we ended up in a ditch and had to wait 10 hours to be towed, while vultures gathered overhead." She keeps a survival kit in the car stocked with club soda, spray-on

cheese, Triskets, M&Ms and, to combat bee stings, adrenaline.

Home off the range is a colonial house in Redding, Conn., now decorated with the 4-foot plaster cactus, 25-pound chile ristras and 8-foot-wide Longhorn skull that the Sterns, who met when they were students at Yale in 1968, could not resist on their last trip west. "We just celebrated our 23rd anniversary," says Jane. "In all these years, Michael has survived my kvetching. And I've survived his getting us lost in buzzard territory."

■ KRISTIN MCMURRAN

PICKS & PANS



◀ HOWARD STERN Four hundred and forty-six pages of unhumane opinions about taboo topics.

pages

in New Mexico, tacos in Arizona), sleep and shop in this fastidiously researched and affectionately rendered work. If you feel inspired to go West with the Sterns as your guide, just remember: You can cuss all you want... but only around men, horses and cows. And fer gosh sakes, never try on another man's cowboy hat. (HarperCollins, \$35)

• KRISTEN MCMURRAN

PRIVATE PARTS

by Howard Stern

A funny thing happened to Howard Stern on the way to cranking out a typically wretched ghostwritten celebrity autobiography: He worked hard with his collaborator, the peerless Larry "Ratso" Sloman, and has produced a reasonably funny book.

Unlike other smart people masquerading as morons who have taken pen to paper in the recent past—Rush Limbaugh, Morton Downey Jr., Charles Barkley, Frank Zappa—

Howard Stern has not written *Private Parts* as a plea for compassion and understanding—as an attempt to prove that there's more to Howard Stern than meets the eye. Instead, he has written a book that is even meaner, more tasteless and more demented than his incredibly offensive radio and TV shows, and a book that reveals him to be a human being with serious personal problems. Sort of a tall, ugly, still-breathing Sam Kinison or an Andrew Dice Clay with a brain. Anyway, not Jay Leno.

Stern's twin obsessions are lesbianism and buttocks—there is, of course, some overlap here—so the book is filled with tales about rectal thermometers, lesbians, youthful adventures in his mom's undergarments, lesbians, spanking, lesbians, flatulence, lesbians and a controversial percussive diversion known as Butt Bongo. This material will be familiar—and reassuring—to his listeners, many of whom are not, in fact, reasonably intelligent people masquerading as morons, but are, in fact, real-life morons.

Material that will have somewhat wider appeal are the author's hilarious tirades against such acknowledged

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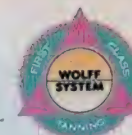
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pages

threats to world peace as Sinéad O'Connor and Michael Landon, all of whom deserve Howard Stern—and a lot worse. The poet laureate of urban American white trash, Stern has written a book that reads like a direct transcript of his radio show: 85 percent racist, sexist, homophobic ranting, mixed in with some really good jokes about Rodney King's dubious driving record and the big girl in Wilson Phillips that no one else in the media wants to describe as "chunky."

There's also a lot of stuff about lesbians in the book. (Simon & Schuster, \$23) ■ JOE QUEEN

THE ROBBER BRIDE by Margaret Atwood

Atwood's eighth novel, a dark, dark comedy of sexual manners, swirls around a villainess drawn with the subtlety of a cartoonist's palette. This particular she devil, Zenia, comes

PICKS & PANS



▲ MARGARET ATWOOD The Canadian author paints a dark comedy in primary colors.

with a hundred histories: Her mother was stoned to death in Romania; no, her mother was forced into prostitution in Paris; no, she was a persecuted Jew in Hitler's Berlin. . . . And so she wins her female victims' sympathies as she circles their husbands and lovers. "In the war of the sexes," writes Atwood,

"Zenia was a double agent. Or not even that, because Zenia wasn't working for one side or the other. She was on no side but her own."

Tony, Roz and Charis have nothing in common but the most important thing: In their youth, all lost their men to Zenia. And so they are now fast friends, enjoying their monthly lunch date at the aptly named Toxique when Zenia walks in, not only returned from the dead, but with silicone-enhanced breasts.

The three women do not exactly get revenge, but they do come to terms with previous torture as they gather forces to fend off their nemesis.

Standing very much apart from the action, Atwood (*The Handmaid's Tale*, *Cat's Eye*) saves her most delicate strokes for her heroines: Charis, aka Karen, who favors new-age philosophies; Roz, a wealthy businesswoman; and birdlike Tony, a professor specializing in war. When Tony can't sleep, she settles down at her basement sandtable map of Europe and replays great battles with troops composed of kidney beans and grains of rice. In the class-

room, she mesmerizes students with such wacky insights as the extent to which wartime casualties can be traced to military clothing designers. For amusement, she falls back on the backward language she created in childhood, renaming the scary things, including her husband, West (formerly Stew).

With *The Robber Bride*, Atwood has written a book that doesn't bear too much analysis. Take it for the delicious romp that it is, a horrifying, breathtaking, stinging fable that, like its unforgettable temptress, causes worlds of trouble "just for the fun of it." (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday, \$23.50)

■ SUSANTOEPLER

ZADDIK

by David Rosenbaum

Blending classic whodunit, European Jewish lore and magic realism into a rich and heady brew, journalist David Rosenbaum's ambitious first novel delightfully pushes the mystery genre's envelope.

When a dealer in Manhattan's di-

PICKS & PANS

QUOTE



▲ Lassie on board in first class.

A BONE-IFIED STAR

FROM LASSIE: A DOG'S LIFE

The First Fifty Years

by Ace Collins

"How big a star would Gary Cooper, Bette Davis, or Humphrey Bogart have been if their writers had allowed them to use only one word?"

Think about it.

among district is brutally murdered—over an egg-size 72-carat stone with a rich and dangerous history—former NYPD detective and recovering alcoholic Dov Taylor is hired by a sect of ultraconservative Hasidic Jews in Brooklyn to get the bauble back. The hunt for what Taylor learns is the Seer's Stone takes him into odd corners of the Yiddish-speaking world from Crown Heights, in New York City, to London, and pits him against ex-Nazis, the Mossad, the beautiful but dangerous Maria and Taylor's own imagination.

With the help of a mystical rabbi, Taylor is put into a trance and mentally journeys back to 19th-century Lublin, Poland. There he meets an ancestor, his hard-drinking great-great-grandfather Hirsh Leib, a zaddik, or righteous man, who points Taylor to the heart of the contemporary riddle: Salvation is more important than success. Rich in finely observed details of Jewish history and ritual and leavened with dead-on humor, *Zaddik* is a diamond in the rough. (Mysterious Press, \$19.95) ■ J.D. REED



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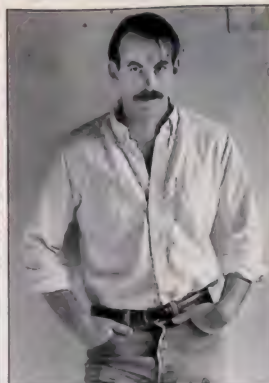
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A DONALD ANTRIM His novel reels readers into Mr. Robinson's wacky neighborhood.

ELECT MR. ROBINSON FOR A BETTER WORLD
by Donald Antrim

There could hardly be a worse world than the one Antrim has conjured in this funny first novel, where neighbors secure yards with snake pits and spiked fences, families stage battles in the park and the mayor is drawn and quartered by constituents.

These are some of the tamer deeds described in this post-Orwellian fable of social and moral disintegration. Set somewhere on a southeast coast, the novel is narrated by Pete Robinson, a would-be contender for mayor and a teacher whose specialty is the history of medieval torture devices. When the town's school system is voted out of existence, Robinson holds a class in his basement, which is outfitted with the very torture devices he has so impressively lectured about, providing the story's monstrosously macabre ending.

It is a testament to Antrim's skill that he keeps us laughing in the face of so much horror. By novel's end, one needs no convincing that any world would be better than the one this talented newcomer has so vividly invented. (Viking, \$20) • LISASILA

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THE INSIDER

by Mitchell Fink

Y Barbra Streisand:
Cheaper date

AS ETHICAL AS THE DAY SHE WAS BORN

Supermodel Christy Turlington wants the world to know that she would rather go naked than wear fur.

That's why she recently posed in the buff for a People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) billboard that will be unveiled next month over the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles.

Turlington is the first celebrity to pose nude for PETA since the Go-Go's did a similar shot for a



I'd rather go
NAKED
than
wear FUR



◀ Christy
Turlington:
Fashionable
statement

1990 tour poster. PETA is planning a second I'd-rather-go-naked billboard to be installed in France, Italy, Spain, Germany and possibly England. The model for that one, says the PETA rep, will be none other than Kim Basinger.

BARGAIN BARBRA

We understand that Barbra Streisand won't be getting anywhere near the previously reported \$20 million for her eagerly awaited New Year's Eve and New Year's Day performances at the new MGM Grand resort in Las Vegas—and, according to a source, she will have to absorb the costs of mounting the production to boot. The source, who is familiar with Streisand's contract with the resort, says the singer will receive \$10 million in what is described as "a four-wall deal,"

meaning that the hotel gives her the premises, and she pays all costs for putting on the show out of her \$10 million fee.

Streisand's manager, Marty Erlichman, will not confirm or deny any figures. He says, however, that

Streisand "is spending her own money to videotape both shows" for possible future broadcast. Erlichman stresses that no TV deal has been made yet, adding that he has eliminated the live pay-per-view option.



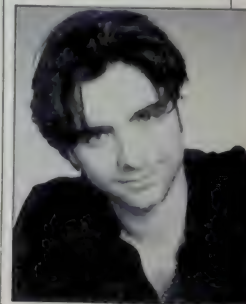
When a deal is made, he says, "it will be either with a network or a cable outlet."

STILL A FULL HOUSE

John Stamos was in New York City when he learned that his Malibu home was threatened by the firestorm that consumed much of that exclusive community. Wanting to save what he could, the *Full House* star called his housekeeper and asked her to carry some of his most treasured possessions to safety.

What topped the list? Videotapes of Stamos during his days as Blackie on the ABC soap *General Hospital* and a photo autographed for Stamos by

Sammy Davis Jr. Luckily, the fire only came within 1,000 yards of Stamos's house. He says that he saw his home on TV several times during the news, adding, "It was surreal."



A John Stamos: Among his souvenirs

BONUS BABIES

Keith and Becki Dilley just wanted a child; instead, they got a crowd

KEITH DILLEY COLLAPSES ONTO the beige sofa in the living room of his father's ranch house in Greenfield, Ind. It is late morning, and all is quiet as six babies, each in his or her windup swing, rock peacefully in front of the stone fireplace. "It scares me when they sleep during the day," says Dilley, 30, eyeing his brood warily. "I worry they're sav-

ing up energy for the night."

The scenario would terrify any new parent. Last May 25, Keith's wife, Becki, 27, gave birth to sextuplets, the first set born in the U.S. in this century. The Dilley babies (in order of birth), Brenna, Julian, Quinn, Claire, Ian and Adrian, are only the eighth set of sextuplets to be born this century since the first sixsome on record was delivered in Sri Lanka in

1947. "I always wanted children," says Becki. "I just thought they would come one at a time."

Instead she got an instant half-dozen. Since September the family has been living with Keith's father, Larry, while awaiting construction of a four-bedroom house scheduled for completion this spring. And for the past eight weeks, Keith has been tending the kids while Becki has

been working four days a week as a licensed practical nurse in the bone-marrow transplant unit at Indiana University Medical Center. "It's definitely a change in lifestyle," says Keith, who adds that Becki's income allowed him to quit his job in food processing to become a full-time parent at least until the children go to school.

Keith's daily routine would chal-

lenge an efficiency expert. Around 6 a.m., when Becki leaves the house, he pops six bottles into the microwave—carefully segregating two for Ian and Julian, who can't tolerate an iron-rich formula. These are the first of 42 bottles the sextuplets will consume over 24 hours. Once the formula is warm, Keith settles into a big chair with a baby on either arm and begins the first of three dual

feeding sessions. As the first pair takes its bottles, Keith hopes fervently that the others will wait their turn quietly. "When one starts crying, it's not long before the cry is taken up by another member of the tribe," he says. "It's not unusual to have

From left: Adrian, Brenna, Quinn, Claire, Julian and Ian (at home in Greenfield, Ind.).



People

November 22, 1993

them all crying at the same time."

After the morning feeding the babies are ready for their baths, which Keith gives them consecutively in the kitchen sink. By 11 a.m., the sextuplets are freshly diapered, dressed and ready for their mid-morning nap. That hour-long respite gives Keith a chance to do one of the three loads of laundry he does every day. (When he skips a daily wash, he pays a steep price: The next day he finds himself folding baby clothes for nearly two hours.)

Afternoons involve two or three more feedings and often dusting, vacuuming and washing dishes as

well. "What's not to like?" asks Keith good-naturedly. "I'll get to watch them grow. I'll hear them say their first words—which will probably be 'Mommy.'"

Ironically, Becki and Keith once feared they would be childless. They met in November 1985 as coworkers at a Wendy's fast-food restaurant in Bloomington, Ind. Keith had temporarily dropped out of Indiana University, where he was studying mathematics, to earn money, and Becki was preparing to apply to nursing school. The two started dating in January; by Valentine's Day, 1986, they knew they would be married. "We

waited another year and a half to make sure it wasn't impulsive," says Becki. The Dilleyes had always known they wanted a family. A year later, when Becki still wasn't pregnant, she consulted her gynecologist, who informed them that their chances of conceiving were less than 20 percent. Becki was not ovulating, and Keith learned from a urologist that his sperm count was low. Devastated, they began to think about adoption. "At one point we even found a child, but the costs would have come to \$20,000," says Becki. "We decided we couldn't afford it."

Instead, the Dilleyes decided to try fertility treatments. Becki took the drug Clomid for six months. When that proved ineffective, she switched to Pergonal, which was prescribed by Indianapolis fertility expert Dr. David McLaughlin. Becki's first injection in October 1992 was followed by a shot of human chorionic gonadotropin (HCG) to release eggs from her ovaries. Last Thanksgiving Day the Dilleyes learned that Becki was pregnant.

About a month later, Dr. McLaughlin informed the Dilleyes that five separate embryonic sacs had appeared on Becki's ultrasound. She was delighted. Keith, then working as a manager at Burger King, was shocked. "I walked around the house muttering, 'Five weddings, five



A Becki held her 2-month-old sextuplets in the hospital nursery with the help of Dr. Betty Lou Walsman (left) and Dr. Lydia Abad.



◀ "This is as organized as it gets," says Keith (preparing bottles for one of the infants' daily feedings).

► The babies still sleep two to a crib. "We start them out on separate sides, but they migrate [toward one another]," says Becki.



A "Becki and I probably will never sleep together again," jokes Keith, who sacks out on the sofa near the babies so he can hear their cries.

► Taking the sextuplets out means strapping them into six car seats in the van, which is why the babies' excursions are limited to trips to the pediatrician.



proms, auto insurance for the boys when they hit 15½," he says.

Now, Becki faced the difficult and medically risky challenge of carrying the babies at least 28 weeks, the minimum time recommended by their neonatologist, Dr. Betty Lou Walsman.

Nine weeks into the pregnancy, Becki underwent a procedure called an intra-abdominal cerclage, in which a suture was threaded under her bladder and behind her uterus, then pulled tight to prevent her from dilating prematurely. "This kept the babies inside long enough to become

the hospital, where she was relieved to find that Becki had Bell's palsy, a condition not uncommon in pregnant women. Still, Smirz knew the time had come. "I couldn't see pushing Becki's body any more," she says.

Smirz scheduled a delivery by cesarean section for 5 p.m. that day, with a team of 30 doctors and nurses standing by. Each baby was assigned a neonatologist or pediatrician, a nurse and a respiratory therapist who wore gowns marked Baby A, Baby B, Baby C, Baby D and Baby E. Five baby charts were stamped and ready to go. Five warmers and five ventila-

"There are six! There are six!" someone screamed.

"Is there a seventh?" muttered a dazed Keith.

Smirz held up the history-making number six, to be named Adrian, for Becki to see. Keith stumbled out of the delivery room to tell family and friends. Unable to speak, he held up six fingers.

Though nine weeks premature, the Dilley sextuplets—from the smallest, Quinn (2 lbs., 2 ozs.), to the biggest, Adrian and Julian (2 lbs., 13 ozs.)—were remarkably healthy. By

early August, five of them had left the hospital. Julian, who had suffered respiratory problems and a hernia that needed repair, remained until Aug. 21.

Because their two-bedroom house was too small, the Dilleys moved in with Becki's parents, Loren and Doris Stauffer, who live in Geneva, Ind., 65 miles northeast of Indianapolis. Four months later, they realized the arrangement wasn't going to work. "I liked the family support, but as parents I felt we should call 100 percent of the shots and learn from our own mistakes," says Becki.

So on Sept. 13, the Dilleys moved in with Keith's father, a heating and air-conditioning technician who lives in a three-bedroom house. (Keith's mother had died several months earlier.) By spring they hope to be in their own place, which they were offered at a reduced price by a local builder. Others in the Bloomington area also rallied to help the Dilleys. A radio station conducted a diaper drive that brought in a free nine-month supply, some 10,000 diapers. Playpens, strollers and car seats were donated. A dentist, looking to the future, provided six tooth-

brushes and a case of toothpaste. General Motors lent the Dilleys a van.

It is 6 o'clock on a recent evening, and Becki, who arrived home at 4:30 p.m., is just starting to help Keith with the evening routine. Together, they change six diapers, dress each baby in a sleeper, rock them to sleep in their swings and put them down in their cribs. Turning on the kids' music box, Becki closes the nursery door and gives a weary smile. "It's fun," she says. "I'd do it again."

■ **SUSAN BLEED**

■ **GIOVANNA BREA** in Greenfield



◀ Keith and Becki look over plans for their new four-bedroom house, which will be finished this spring.

► "This year has been total turmoil, but it's working out better than I thought it would," says Keith (cuddling Adrian).

viable," says Becki's obstetrician, Dr. Lynda Smirz.

In her 25th week, Becki went into premature labor and was taken to Women's Hospital in Indianapolis, where she was put on magnesium sulfate to control contractions. But that drug and the steroids she was taking to help the fetuses' lungs develop contributed to an enormous weight gain—as much as 30 pounds in one 10-day period and 125 pounds by the 29th week. Becki had become too large to turn around in the shower stall; she would enter the stall face forward, then back out, turn around and back in. Despite her size, "there wasn't a lot of room for the babies to shift in my abdomen," says Becki, who remained in the hospital until she gave birth. "I found the end I had to lie on my back with my feet in the air. I felt like a cow."

On May 25, 30 weeks and six days into her pregnancy, Becki was brushing her teeth when she lost control of the muscles on the right side of her face. Fearing that Becki had suffered a minor stroke, Dr. Smirz rushed to

tors sat ready. Becki was given an epidural so that she could watch the births.

At 5:28 p.m., Smirz delivered Baby A, Brenna Rose. "Before she came out, you could hear her crying," says Keith. "Becki and I looked at each other. It was the neatest feeling."

It took only two minutes for Smirz to deliver babies B, C, D and E—Julian, Quinn, Claire and Ian. Relieved that the deliveries had gone so smoothly, Smirz began to wind up the procedure. "I reached my hand inside Becki to peel the placenta off, and I felt a bag," she says. "I thought, 'Uh-oh, I counted wrong.'"

Smirz looked over at the fifth ventilator. It was occupied. She turned to McLaughlin. "Dave," she said. "I think we have a sixth baby."

"Come on, Lynda," he snapped. "Quit joking around."

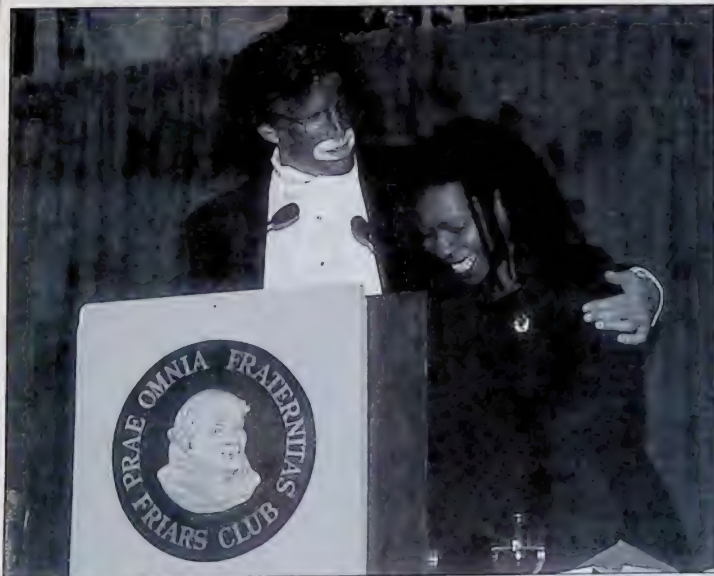
Smirz reached in and felt a foot. It kicked her. At that point, she pulled out a sixth baby, a boy, who smiled and reached out his arms. Pandemonium erupted in the delivery room.



Photographs by Taro Yamasaki

CHANGING PARTNERS

Ted and Whoopi are over; now she's seeing her dentist without an appointment



◀ Friends say Ted Danson's epithet-laced monologue at the Friars Club—intended, he said, to “amuse my dear friend Whoopi!”—did not contribute to their split. “Whoopi was the only one laughing,” says one attendee.

▶ The very day Ted and Whoopi announced their breakup, she took in a play in L.A. with 32-year-old orthodontist Jeffrey Cohen, who, says a colleague, is “quite a ladies’ man.”

WHOOPIERS AND LOVE CONQUERS ALL WAS A FOOL.” THE NOVELIST Edna Ferber once wrote. Don’t look to Ted Danson and Whoopi Goldberg to disagree. On Nov. 5, amid rumors that he was reconciling with wife Casey and that Whoopi was dating her orthodontist, the two announced the end of their 18-month romance in a joint statement: “We would like to set the record straight. . . . We are no longer romantically involved.”

Both Danson’s publicist, Annett Wolf, and Goldberg’s, Brad Cafarelli, say it was the relentless press of paparazzi that unraveled their clients’ romance. “They’ve never been exposed to anything like it individually,” says Wolf. “Never.” Did Danson’s outrageous performance last month at a Friars Club roast, during which he told dirty racial jokes while wearing blackface, send Goldberg packing? No way, say pals. “If you know Whoopi, she is shocking,” says Steve Tisch, producer of the comedy *Corrina, Corrina*, which Goldberg is now filming. “She’s no African-American Doris Day.” Indeed, at least one Goldberg colleague thinks it was her peppery personality that led Danson to flee. “She is an unbelievably difficult person,” says the source. “I really think people thought Ted had lost his mind.”

Truth is, those who chart the tides of on-location love saw signs, even before the infamous roast, that the improbable

romance was cooling. The relationship was on high boil when Goldberg started filming *Sister Act 2* last spring. “They were all goo-goo eyed,” says an observer of Danson’s frequent visits. But by midsummer, when Danson was filming the comedy *Getting Even with Dad* in San Francisco, Goldberg was seldom seen. And on the L.A. set of *Corrina*, Danson has been seen not at all.

The end does not, friends insist, mark any notable new beginnings. Yes, confirms Wolf, when Danson was in a car accident in L.A. last month, it was wife Casey who picked him up at the hospital. “They have children together,” Wolf says. “Why wouldn’t she be there?” The two aren’t reconciling, says Wolf, and the divorce is still scheduled to become final on Dec. 4. Nor is Goldberg’s dalliance with dashing 32-year-old dentist Jeffrey Cohen necessarily a big deal. Though the two have been out on a few dates—and traveled to Washington together for the Ford Theater’s annual presidential gala on Oct. 30—the relationship, says her spokesperson, is “definitely not serious.” As for Ted and Whoopi, well, in the timeless spirit of post-split spin control, Goldberg says simply that she and Danson are still “good friends.”

• SHELLEY LIMITT

• KRISTINA JOHNSON in Los Angeles



HOME FRONT

Twenty-five years after Vietnam, an Army nurse and a terribly wounded soldier reunite

IT WAS THE DAY THAT WOULD DEFINE their lives. Rory Bailey, then a 21-year-old Army private newly arrived in Vietnam, remembers only searing pain and then darkness. But for Carolyn Tanaka, the nurse assigned to care for Bailey in the emergency room of the 24th Evacuation Hospital in Long Binh, Vietnam, there was a sight that would haunt her forever. "The man did not have a face," Tanaka recalls. "I was standing over a hole that used to be a face, suctioning it to keep this man from drowning in his own blood."

Twenty-five years later, the man without a face and the nurse who helped save him met again—at the Vietnam Women's Memorial, the new sculpture erected in Washington to honor the 11,500 women who served in Vietnam. The reunion last week was no accident. Tanaka, 57, and Bailey, 46, had been in touch for five years, ever since she spotted him in an article in PEOPLE. But taped letters and phone calls weren't good enough: Tanaka, who lives in Fresno, Calif., kept wondering whether this horribly disfigured man hated her for saving him. It was not a question she felt she could ask

directly, but Tanaka believed that once she saw Bailey in person the answer would be apparent. So she invited Rory, now living in Valparaiso, Ind., to join her at the official dedication of the Women's Memorial on Nov. 11, Veteran's Day. "I had to find him and see him," Tanaka says. "I'm only sorry it took me so long."

She got her answer almost immediately. As Rory stood waiting by the memorial, she walked up, moving with a nurse's bustling efficiency. She immediately hugged him and did not let go. "It's a miracle," she said. At first, Rory, always adept at hiding his feelings, held her tight and said nothing. Then, quietly, he volunteered the words she had longed to hear: "Thank you. If you hadn't been there, things might have been different."

Tanaka's eyes grew teary. "He was so positive and so upbeat," she says. "I could not believe after so many multiple surgeries he still could be so positive. Rory has a great sense of humor considering all that he has been through."

Unquestionably, Bailey has been through a lot. In 1974 he became a national symbol of Veterans Admin-

"Seeing Rory is a dream come true," says Carolyn Tanaka (with Bailey at the Vietnam Women's Memorial). When Rory (right, in 1968) returned from Vietnam, he wore a mask (left) to spare strangers' feelings.



istration bungling. At the time, his lower face was still a featureless scar: He had no nose, no lower jaw and only a fragment of a tongue. He could not chew and had to survive on a liquid diet. Three years into his treatment, a bureaucratic snafu classified Rory's wounds as "not service-connected," and the VA refused to pay for further plastic surgery. Public outrage precipitated the intervention of then-President

Richard Nixon, pressuring the VA into changing its policy.

Since then, with hundreds of thousands of dollars of reconstructive surgery, Bailey's face has been slowly improved. In the most recent series of operations, surgeons at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., took a portion of Rory's hip bone to reconstruct his eye orbits and upper jaw. They also stretched skin from his forehead to shape a

nose. Eugene Keller, Bailey's surgeon, hopes Rory will eventually be fitted with upper teeth, enabling him to chew.

But even after 200 operations, Rory Bailey attracts stares. His face is dignified but masklike. The destruction of all facial muscles has left him unable to move his cheeks or eyelids. Fortunately, he can move his lower jaw and what remains of his tongue, enabling him to talk. If

Photographs by Michael Mauney

he has made it through some tough times, he says. "it's because God is helping me out."

Though he reaches out to God, Bailey accepts help from few others. Over the years he has lived

with a variety of relatives, but today he lives alone in a redwood ranch house about 10 miles outside Valparaiso. To supplement his veteran's pension, he knits robes and hats to sell at craft fairs. He enjoys

country music, fishing and puttering with his CB radio. He has suffered occasional depressions, which he attributes not to his war injuries but to a difficult childhood in rural Maine, growing up with seven brothers and sisters in a tiny house with no electricity. His parents' divorce, when he was in high school, pains him still.

Carolyn Tanaka had an even more traumatic childhood. The daughter of Japanese-Americans, she spent 2½ years with her parents and three siblings in an Arizona detention camp during World War II. "Living conditions in Vietnam were palatial in comparison," she says. Tanaka graduated from Fresno Hospital's nursing school in 1958 and 10 years later, at 31, enlisted in the Army and was sent to Vietnam, where, despite the U.S.'s earlier treatment of her family, she served as a captain for 18 months. Although she had trained as an emergency-room nurse, Tanaka knew little about caring for the wounds of war. "The weapons are designed to mutilate the human body," she says. "There isn't any training that could have prepared us."

But Vietnam did prepare her to be a fighter, and Tanaka has been fighting ever since. Now partially retired, Tanaka, who has never married, is the central California coordinator of the Vietnam Women's Memorial, battling for funds and raising awareness of the role women played in Vietnam. She calls the Vietnam Women's Memorial a long-overdue "... thank-you to all the women who have served in every war, beginning with Florence Nightingale."

Last week at the memorial, Tanaka took Bailey's arm and gently guided him to the nearby Vietnam Veteran's Wall, where she spotted a familiar name: Ronald Doolittle. "He was the best medic I ever trained," she murmured, rubbing Rory's fingers across each letter. Bailey's brother Neil watched the pair walking arm in arm, occasionally stopping in front of the cool ebony stone. "I thank God," Neil said, "that my brother's name isn't up there."

• JUDITH NEWMAN

• GIOVANNA BREA in Washington



▼ Bailey (at his Indiana home) is philosophical about Vietnam: "Both sides did what they thought was right."



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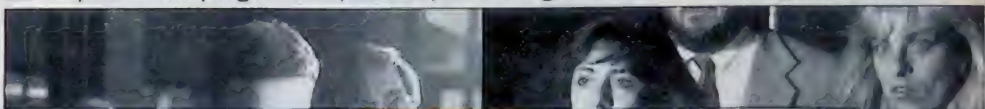
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IN COURT

BATTLE OF THE BOBBITTS

With penis reattached, but dignity somewhat askew, John Bobbitt is acquitted of raping his wife, Lorena; now she goes on trial for paring him down



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went, "She could have just trashed my car, but she went too far," while armies of spectators and reporters lined up outside the Prince William County Court House to gawk at the man with the reattached penis—and the woman who had disattached it in the first place. "We've really been inundated," says weary circuit-court administrator Bob Marsh, who had to install extra phone lines. "There's never been anything like this."

In the he-said, she-said annals of marital discord, the case of Lorena and John Bobbitt



healing to do." Lorena, 24, a manicurist, faces her own trial at the end of the month on felony charges of malicious wounding. But if men and women nationwide have seized upon the Bobbitts' story as a symbol of the battle between the sexes, the intimate truths of the couple's bloody encounter remain to be seen. As prosecutor Paul Ebert conceded, "No one was in that bedroom. No one knows except those two parties what went on."

Both sides described a troubled marriage in which neither partner was entirely blameless. Lorena, a Venezuelan immigrant who

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Photographs by Robert Sherbow



▲ Ariene Banton (left) and Windy Shepley hawked souvenir shirts outside the court last week, selling out their stock of 900.

▼ The media horde that besieged the Bobbitt trial included author Gay Talese, who was there researching a *New Yorker* article.



came to America in 1986, wore a sedate navy-and-white dress as she told the court that only after years of abuse had she taken a knife to the man she married in 1989. "He told me forced sex excited him," the 5'2", 93-pound Lorena testified tearfully, while John, sitting nearby in a gray suit and yellow tie, just shook his head. She said that on June 23, John, a 175-pound ex-Marine, returned drunk to their Manassas apartment and overpowered her. Afterward, she said, she ran into the kitchen and grabbed a knife. Returning to the bedroom, she told the court, she pulled back the sheets on her sleeping husband and "cut it."

John Bobbitt's lawyer, Greg Murphy, insisted that the couple had a powerful sexual attraction—and a consensual sexual relationship. "John may not be the most sensitive lover," admitted Murphy. "He may not understand foreplay." But, he maintained, Bobbitt did not assault his wife. Murphy portrayed Lorena as a money-grubbing publicity seeker who, after attacking her husband, hired a media consultant who arranged her appearances on ABC's *20/20* and in *Vanity Fair*. And during the trial she admitted that as she fled the house after attacking her husband, she swiped a houseguest's Nintendo Game Boy off a table.

When John took the stand, he trans-

fixed the courtroom audience with his description of the moment he was cut. He acknowledged he had been out barhopping but said that when he returned home he fell asleep in the middle of making love with his wife. Moments later, he was rudely awakened. "I felt a pull," Bobbitt testified. "It hurt real bad. I wanted to scream. I didn't know what had happened." At that point, according to both sides, Lorena ran out of the apartment, knife in one hand, severed penis in the other, and John, bleeding profusely, had the houseguest, Robert Johnson, drive him to Prince William Hospital. Within hours a contrite Lorena helped police locate the missing member by the side of a road, where she had tossed it while driving frantically away, and it was reattached during nine hours of microsurgery.

Though Bobbitt denied ever forcing sex on his wife, he may not have been a model husband. Prosecutor Ebert presented him with a piece of paper listing names of women Bobbitt had allegedly slept with. Bobbitt admitted only to having "been associated" with them. And he denied, as Ebert claimed, that he had used the list to taunt his wife. "It was my own private copy," said Bobbitt. "I didn't show it to her."

Supporting Lorena's version of events, prosecution witness Steven Rogue, a court counselor, testified that Lorena had come to his office just days before the attack asking about getting a restraining order against her husband, who she said had abused her.

The Bobbitts, not surprisingly, have filed for divorce. John is regaining sensation in his penis and may, doctors believe, even be able to have intercourse again. But his troubles are far from over. Last week it was revealed that Beatrice Williams, 21, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Bobbitt's hometown, had filed a paternity suit claiming that Bobbitt is the father of her 10-month-old son, which Bobbitt denies. Lorena, meanwhile, continues giving manicures as she awaits trial. Even prosecutor Ebert finds it difficult to defend her wholeheartedly. "You might say," he told the jury last week, "that from the onset these two people deserved each other."

■ ELIZABETH GLEICK
■ ROCHELLE JONES in Manassas

SPECIAL LIGHTS



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Michael Howard said he would back proposals to pass laws forbidding such invasions of privacy.

Aside from editors at the *Mirror*, the unrepentant Taylor, a 39-year-old New Zealander, found few defenders. By his own account, he began plotting to exploit Di as soon as she joined his club in September 1990. After some experimenting, he said, he installed a Leica in the workout-room ceiling and rigged a cable that allowed him to trigger the shutter from his office nearby.

As Taylor told it, he was dismayed when Di's bodyguard confronted him in May about a rumor that she had been snapped on the exercise machines. Although Taylor lied and said

Diana looked cool at a London gala on Nov. 7, but she had been outraged by the photos run in the *Sunday Mirror* that morning.



Di was steamed after shots of her in a gym hit the street

GETTING BURNED

IN THE WORDS OF THE LONDON *STANDARD* *Mirror*, the graphic shots featured in its Nov. 7 edition represented "the Princess of Wales as you have never seen her." Indeed, lying on a machine ironically known as the Throne, a trim Diana was shown in leotard and cycling shorts with her shapely legs braced in an unregal pose that would have given Queen Victoria the vapors.

Said to have been snapped surreptitiously by Bryce Taylor, principal owner of the L.A. Fitness club in west London, the 82 photos bought by the *Mirror* for a reported \$187,000 triggered a threat from Buckingham Palace, which said it was "considering follow-up action." An angry Di, who

was said to feel "utterly betrayed," won an injunction against the *Mirror* newspaper group and the gym, barring them from distributing or publishing Taylor's photos again. According to her lawyers, Di plans to sue both parties.

Meanwhile the *Mirror's* competitors hooted at the tabloid's claim that it ran the photos to "highlight a lapse in royal security," and the Press Complaints Commission scheduled a hearing on the episode. Said commission chairman Lord McGregor: "This breach constitutes dishonorable conduct for which there can be no excuse." British lawmakers agreed. Calling the *Mirror's* action "thoroughly deplorable," Home Secretary Mi-

he knew nothing. Diana stopped going to his club in June. Last week, Taylor refused to apologize. "I know people will hate me for what I have done," he said, "but I'm not ashamed."

For seasoned palace-watchers, the story went beyond mere embarrassment for Di. Instead, they claimed that the set-to signaled that the once-unassailable princess was vulnerable in a way she had never been before. Said Brian Hoey, author of several books about British royalty: "The pictures would never have been published in Britain if she were still with Prince Charles. She is now treated by the media with the same sort of disdain and contempt as film stars or . . ." he added delicately, "Fergie." ■

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HEIRS



"I can never be a
two-face," says
Chabeli (pool-
side in Miami).
"I always say
what I think."

SHE DIDN'T WANT A MAN LIKE DAD

Talk show host Chabeli Iglesias has some
reservations about Julio of the roving eye

Photographs by C. J. Walker

At 22, Chabeli Iglesias steps out of her father's shadow into a spotlight of her own

WHEN YOU'RE CHABELI IGLESIAS, JUST LEAVING HOME CAN be an adventure. To escape the photographers who often camp outside her Madrid home, "I ride in the trunk of the car," she says with a giggle. "Once we were going along, and it was really bumpy, and I was hitting my head." Here Chabeli, 22, erupts into hysterical laughter. "And once I felt like I couldn't breathe anymore, and I started banging on the trunk, and the driver couldn't hear me. I thought I was going to die!"

Obviously Chabeli (a nickname for Isabel) has come to grips with her paparazzi predicament. The only daughter of Spanish singing superstar Julio Iglesias and Filipino socialite Isabel Preysler, she has lived in the spotlight practically since infancy. As a teenage model, she saw her face on billboards and magazine covers throughout the Latin world and was fawned over by her father's fans. "Some people are just famous," she says with a shrug. "Like John F. Kennedy Jr. He never did anything, and you ask yourself, 'Why do people like him?' Or Caroline of Monaco. The only thing she's done is get married twice. I don't know whether they're lucky or unlucky, but they get the limelight."

Now, however, she is planning to earn her fame. This month she launches her own twice-monthly talk show, *Chabeli*, on the U.S. Spanish-language television network Univision, which she hopes will win her the attention of American audiences. "It's my first time working in the States," says Chabeli, who has booked Michael Douglas, Plácido Domingo and—of course—Dad for upcoming shows. "I'm very excited."

So is Univision president Ray Rodríguez, who jumped at the chance to hire Chabeli when Julio's former publicist mentioned her TV ambitions. Says Rodríguez: "She's a TV executive's dream: bright, beautiful, and she has a magic last name."

Not that she has always been happy

Y "I think there's something special between a father and a daughter," says Chabeli (dancing with Dad at her wedding Sept. 11).



A "Young people make Dad nervous," says Chabeli (with Julio and dog Hey during a childhood visit to her father's Miami home).

to have it. In 1981, when Julio released the sentimental standard "From a Child to a Woman," about a little girl growing up, he had to bribe Chabeli, then 10, with candy to pose for publicity photos. "I hated the press," she says.

But those appearances were among the few occasions she spent with her father. After her parents split in 1979, Chabeli and younger brothers Julio José, now 20, and Enrique, 18, both students, eventually moved from Spain to live with their paternal grandmother in Miami. Although Julio lived nearby, she says he rarely saw his children. "He was always into his work," says Chabeli. "When he had time, he was with us, but family was never his strong point."

And Julio's romantic involvements only made matters worse. "He's always been a womanizer," Chabeli says matter-of-factly. "That's his life, and I've always said, 'I'm not getting involved in his life.' But I always looked for a husband who is not like my father."

Last September she found one. In a lavish wedding in Barcelona, Chabeli wed Ricardo Bofill Jr., 28, the son of one of Europe's most famous architects. Bofill currently works as a script reader for the European television channel Canal Plus. The newlyweds are already planning a large family, and Chabeli, who hints at having been hurt by the lack of attention from her own parents (her mother's whirlwind social calendar didn't leave much time for her children), says she may retire when she has kids of her own. "If you leave your kids alone, they don't feel important," she says. While working on her talk show, Chabeli also hopes to make up for lost time with her father. During the one week each month she'll be taping the program in Miami, she'll stay at Julio's estate—and watch basketball with him or sail on his yacht, *Chabeli*. But while Chabeli is happy that her father supports her TV efforts—"Chabeli is a real woman, and that's what people want to see on television," he has said—she has a feeling the togetherness will only go so far. "He thinks he knows everything," she says, laughing. "I am the only person in his world who will tell him I don't think he's right. Sometimes I think he would rather I shut up!"

• CYNTHIA SANZ

• CYNTHIA DAMPIER in Miami



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Photograph: The National Museum of Women in the Arts, Washington, D.C., Oct. 17, 1993

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TO THE TOP

CRYSTAL A-GO-GO

On wheels or *Wings*,
she's full speed ahead

CRYSTAL BERNARD IS SUITED TO THE
fast lane—even when she's out
of control. "You don't know
what it feels like," says Bernard, who

plays feisty airport waitress Helen
Chappel on NBC's sitcom *Wings*, "to
be going 115 miles an hour, heading
straight for a wall. You're screaming,
then you hit [the brakes] and you
back up and keep going."

Curled up on a leather sofa in the
living room of her four-bedroom
stucco house in Studio City, Calif.,
where she lives alone, Bernard, 29,
is reminiscing about her not-quite-
smashing debut last April as a race-
car driver in the annual pro-celebrity
Long Beach Toyota Grand Prix—in
which she finished just ahead of last-

place Mary Lou Retton. But she be-
came fast friends with fellow driver
and motorcycle champ Eddie
Lawson. Although Bernard herself is
a novice (and still uneasy) Harley
rider, she and Lawson often spend
time go-cart racing, jet-skiing
and speedboating.

Even at home, Bernard is a blur of
activity. "Do you want anything to
eat? Anything to drink? Do you need
another pillow?" she inquires before
conducting a tour. A main attraction
is the mini eight-track recording stu-
dio in her den, where Bernard re-



A "When I start to slack off, I think I'm cheating," says sparkling Crystal Bernard (ready to rev up a Harley).

Photographs by Blake Little/Sigma



◀ "She has her own shorthand," says *Wings* costar Steven Weber (with Bernard). "She'll say: 'Okay, I walk in the thing, I say the thing and he does the thing.' [Yet] we all seem to know what the hell she's talking about."

▶ "Crystal meets the most wonderful guys but she always finds something a little wrong with them," says mom Gaylon (with dad Jerry and Crystal at the family's gift shop in Palmdale, Calif.).



treats, after spending 10 to 12 hours a day on the set of *Wings*, to work on her budding career as a songwriter. Two of her rhythm-and-blues songs have been performed by Tracy Spencer and Angie and Debbie Winans; Paula Abdul is recording two more. Lately, Bernard has been thinking of warbling her own tunes.

"She's got the chops, they just need to be refined," says her pal Donny Osmond. "And she's certainly got the chutzpah."

The drive, too. "I've worked like a dog since I was 3," says Bernard. That's when Crystal, born in Garland, Tex., and her older sister, Robyn, first performed during revival meetings presided over by their father, Southern Baptist evangelist Jerry Wayne Bernard, 53 and retired. Later, Crystal and Robyn, now 31 and a country singer, and their kid sisters Scarlett, 22, and Angelique, 21, would join their father and mother, Gaylon, 52, on tour. For two summers, the singing Bernards even appeared onstage with Bobbie Gentry in Las Vegas.

"It's so funny," says Crystal. "We could go to Vegas but [back in Texas] we couldn't talk on the phone." Nor were the Bernard sisters allowed to have boyfriends. One night, though, after telling her parents she was going over to a girlfriend's house, Crystal turned up at a local block party. "I wasn't there 10 minutes," she says, "before someone was yelling, 'Hey, your mom and dad are at the end of the block!' I freaked out, [because] in those 10 minutes, I

had already kissed Dennis Huffman behind a tree."

Academically, her parents' stern ways paid off. An A student and a cheerleader at Houston's Spring High School, Crystal got her diploma at 16, then went on to Baylor. But her heart was in show business and, with her parents' blessing, she dropped out after her sophomore year and headed for Hollywood. Her first audition there was at the Nina Blanchard modeling agency. "Too short, thank you," she was told at the door. Undaunted, the 5'2" Bernard hid out in the ladies' room until closing time, then marched into Blanchard's office.

"She was marvelous, even though she was a midget," recalls Blanchard. "I said, 'Sign here.' " The next day, Bernard auditioned for—and won—her first TV commercial, for Perrier. She then landed the part of Richie Cunningham's teenage cousin K.C. on ABC's *Happy Days* in 1982, and enjoyed a four-year stint (1985-89) as sweet Southern waitress Amy Tompkins on the syndicated sitcom *It's a Living*. Among those smitten by her performance was then NBC Entertainment president Brandon Tartikoff, who urged the producers of the fledgling *Wings* to audition her.

Blessed with her dad's evangelical zeal, she has urged others to spread their wings. "There's a part of her that builds a fire underneath you," says her friend Osmond, who's starring in the Chicago show *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. "She basically coerced me to try acting." And he, in turn, nurtured Bernard's songwriting ambitions.

Her parents are also around for support. Jerry and Gaylon live just 45 minutes away in a four-bedroom house that Crystal bought for them in Palmdale, Calif. She visits her parents several times a week. "I still feel like a child," she says. "It would be strange for me to say I'm gonna get married and have a baby."

Those events are not imminent. Although Bernard dates, "I'm not seeing anybody [special]," she says. She laughs off tabloid reports that have linked her romantically with male buddies such as Osmond and Cher's ex-beau Rob Camilletti.

"I love living alone," Bernard declares. "And I love having so many guy friends. But I'd be lying," she adds, "if I said I'm not attracted to all of them—'cause I am."

• MICHAEL A. LIPTON

• LYNDIA WRIGHT in Los Angeles

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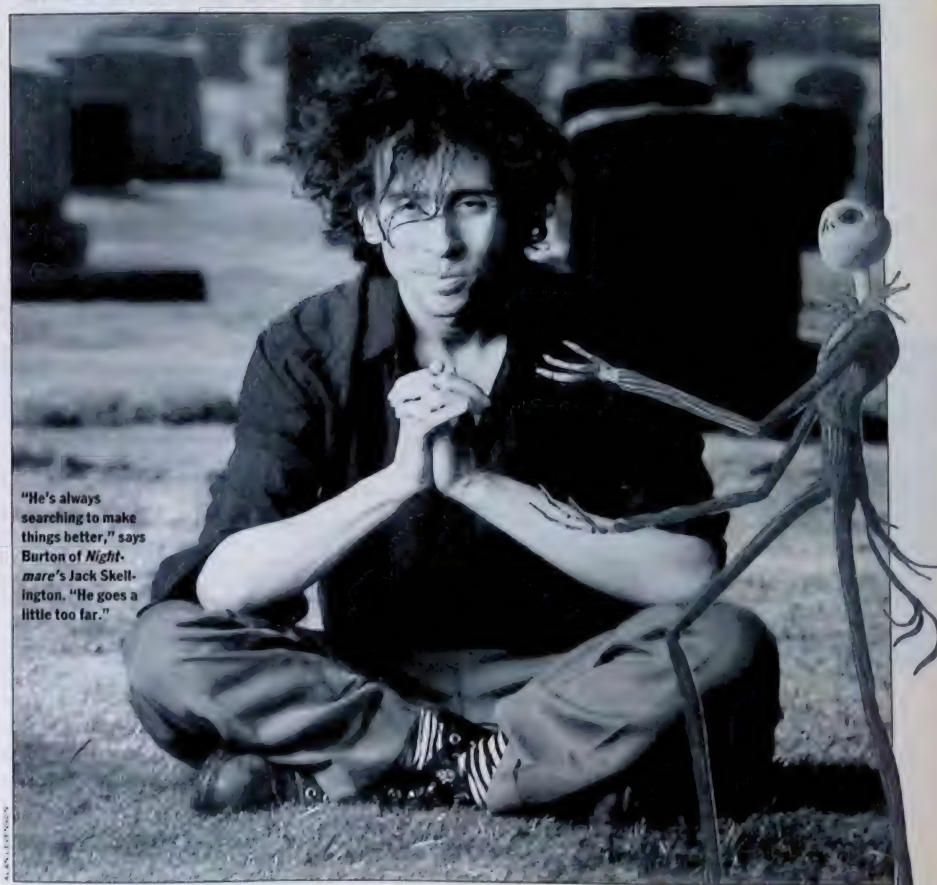
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AND TO ALL A GOOD FRIGHT

For California kid Tim Burton, the holidays were all weirdness and wonder—as in his lovely-creepy *Nightmare Before Christmas*

SCREEN



"He's always searching to make things better," says Burton of *Nightmare's* Jack Skellington. "He goes a little too far."

LIKE JACK SKELLINGTON, THE WELL-MEANING GHOUL WHO TAKES it into his pumpkin-shaped skull to fill in for Santa in Disney's hit fantasy *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, creator and producer Tim Burton knows just how elusive the Christmas spirit can be. Burton grew up in Burbank, Calif., where, he says, "there's no weather or seasonal changes, no emotional or visual stimulus. You looked to the holidays to give you a sense of ritual." In his case, that

meant supplementing a steady TV diet of old Vincent Price horror films with such kiddie classics as *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* and *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. Or he would wander over to the local Thrifty drugstore, where he would gaze in wide-eyed wonder at the displays of tinsel and tree decorations. "Kind of sad, really, the way they experience the seasons in California, walking down the aisles at Thrifty's," says Burton, 34, who—again like Jack—is a



▲ "This movie has a powerful beauty," says director Henry Selick (on the set with Burton and one of six Sally puppets).

◀ Each second of screen time (including this scene of a stocking-stuffer run amok) required 24 separately posed shots.



spindly, gentle presence. "A little scary."

That almost queasy sense of holiday excitement blooms like nightshade in Burton's new movie, an exuberantly twisted Christmas carol told through the painstaking process of stop-action animation. It's the same technique used 20 years ago in *Rudolph*, only now given a high-tech assist by sophisticated new cameras and editing equipment. Jointed puppets of metal, plastic and fabric are posed for thousands of sequential shots, creating the illusion on film of seamless action. "There's something very primal about stop-action," says Burton, who was a kid when he began making short films with the technique. "It

really is breathing life into something that doesn't have life."

Which is very much to the point in a movie populated with both the dead and the undead. Its characters include Jack's true love, Sally, a sad-eyed Frankengirl who tries to stop his deluded plot to kidnap Santa and get his own taste of Christmas joy; Oogie Boogie, an underworld demon who looks like (and, it turns out, *is*) a bur-lap sack full of squirming bugs; and an evil scientist who suggests Donald Duck crossed with Dr. Strangelove.

This mix of sick humor and sugar-plums delighted critics and was tops at the box office in its first week in theaters nationwide. All of which proves again that Burton, director of

Beetlejuice, *Edward Scissorhands* and the two *Batman* movies, may be peculiar, but he's not from the far side of the moon. "It's that Charles Addams, Edward Gorey, dark-side-with-humor approach to life," says Henry Selick, the animator-director Burton chose to spearhead *Nightmare*. "Tim is in touch with something that people really want to see."

Studio executives haven't always been as attuned to his playfully morbid sensibility. Burton—the youngest of two sons born to Bill Burton, a Burbank parks official (since retired), and his wife, Jean, who now runs a gift shop—first conceived of Jack 12 years ago. But when he pitched the idea at Disney, where he was then an apprentice animator, the studio wasn't interested in his sketches of a romantic-looking skeleton clothed in black. In 1990, though, Burton, by then a major director, got a different response. "This is a business based on success," he says, "and if you're lucky enough to get a little success, people will listen more." Disney was delighted that he'd agree merely to inspire and supervise the \$22 million production, handing over day-to-day chores to Selick while focusing on other projects.

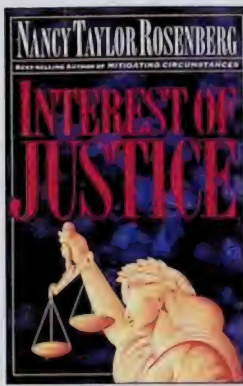
Burton—who lives in the Hollywood Hills with actress-model Lisa Marie since splitting with his wife, photographer Lena Gieseke—rarely visited the set of *Nightmare*; if he had, he might have gotten lost in the crowd. The movie required a staff of 120 working in a 40,000-square-foot warehouse in San Francisco. The stop-action process was so time-consuming that each of the 13 animators produced no more than five to 10 seconds of footage a week.

Burton, who critiqued each sequence from his office in L.A., is thrilled by the result of this labor of love. (*His* love, he admits, *their* labor.) Waiting for the rushes, he says, "I would get so energized. I looked forward to seeing footage the way I looked forward to seeing *Rudolph*." Experiencing the finished product is, he says, even better—like being back in aisle four at Thrifty's. "When I think of the process and how it turned out, I start laughing," says Burton. "It's a miracle."

■ TOM GILBERT

■ LINDA WRIGHT in Los Angeles

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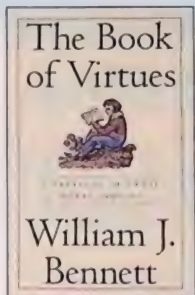
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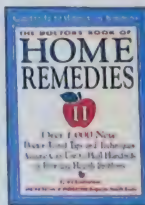
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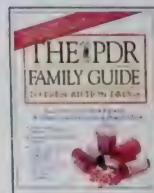
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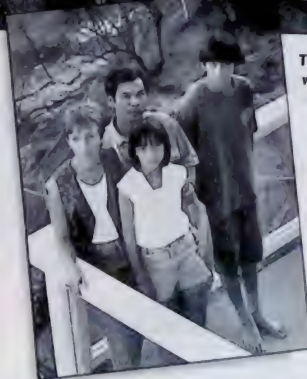


WINNERS

TAKING THE HEAT

Engineer To Bui built a home to last; despite a California inferno, it did

THE WILDFIRES HAD DEVASTATED THE Mystic Hills neighborhood of Laguna Beach, Calif., reducing street after street of luxury homes to charred rubble. But the white Mediterranean-style residence at 1527 Tahiti Avenue still stood, alone in the devastation, its red-tiled roof intact, its white stucco walls unscathed. The only signs of the Oct. 27 inferno were two cracked windows and a deck table scarred with pockmarks from flying embers. It seemed like a miracle—to everyone except the man who owned the house, To Bui, 42, a Vietnamese-born civil engineer. "I always knew my house would be safe," he says. "I believed in it because I built it with my own hands. I wanted to



Though grateful to have a home, To Bui, wife Doris and their children Meike and Patrick find life eerie without neighbors.

make it fireproof, earthquake-proof and landslide-proof."

His caution was grounded in experience. He grew up in Vietnam and has vivid memories of his family fleeing their burning apartment complex when he was 8. After living 19 years in Germany, Bui came to the U.S. in 1989 with his German wife, Doris Bender, 44, and their four children. For two years, using \$350,000 in materials, he built the four-bedroom fortress, complete with thick walls, double-paned win-

dows, sealed eaves, a concrete-tile roof and so much insulation that "everybody thought I was crazy," says Bui.

Everybody except the firefighters—and Bui's wife. Even with blazing houses on either side, firemen saw that the Bui house had a chance. "Mr. Bui made it defensible," says Battalion Chief Ron Blaul of the Orange County Fire Department. "and we defended it." Doris believes it all boils down to her husband's unflagging perfectionism. "He is a person who must do everything right, better than 100 percent," she says.

As for their homeless neighbors, they are more awestruck than envious. Some have even asked Bui to help rebuild their homes. He just may. After all, despite his own family's good fortune, their neighborhood is a wasteland. "I feel very unhappy for the others," says Doris. "Our house is still here, but it feels terrible to live in ruins." ■

Photographs by Rick Rickman/Matrix

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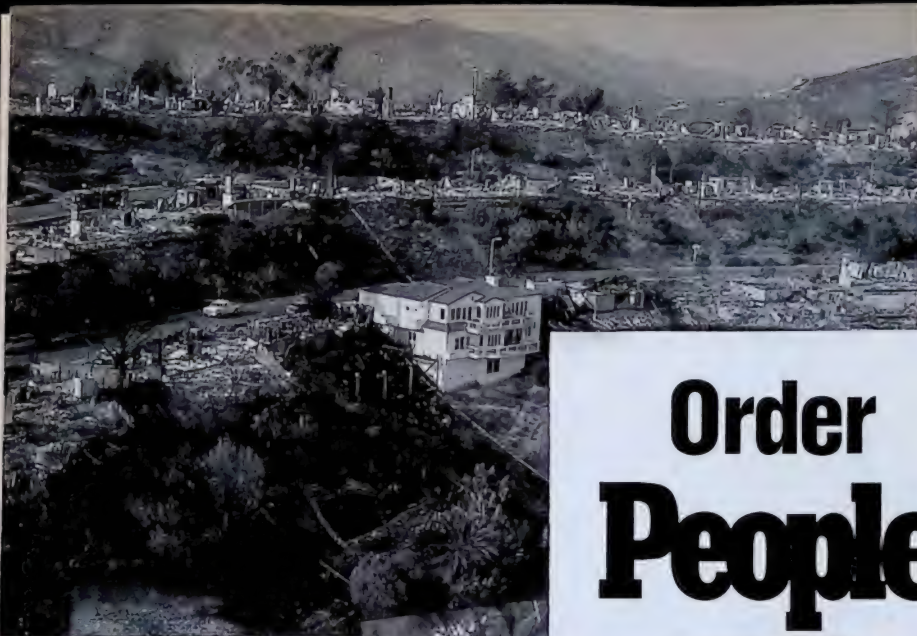
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WINNERS

TAKING THE HEAT

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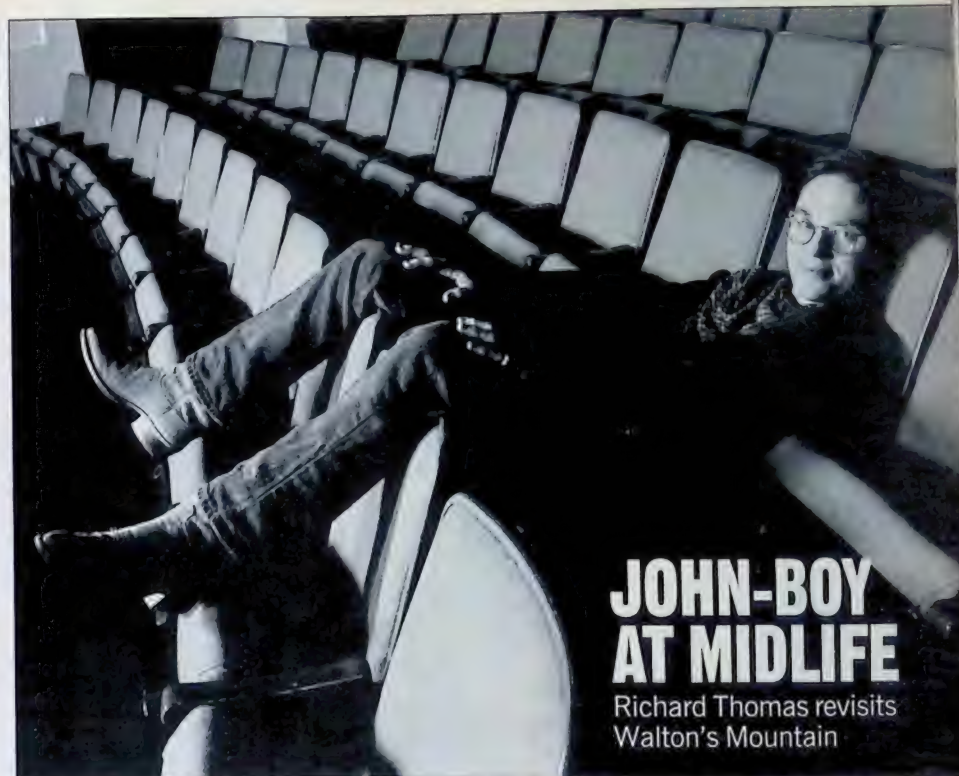
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JOHN-BOY AT MIDLIFE

Richard Thomas revisits
Walton's Mountain

▲ A *Walton Thanksgiving Reunion*, says Thomas, was merely a hiatus from his work onstage: "Theater is the essential place for me."

IT WAS LIKE BEING IN A DREAM," SAYS Richard Thomas. There, on a soundstage in Valencia, Calif., last month was the TV family he had last seen together 17 years ago, when Thomas amicably ended a five-year run as lumber-mill owner's son—and aspiring author—John-Boy Walton. *The Waltons* carried on another four seasons without him, airing its last episode in 1981. Now, after carving out a career onstage—most recently in an acclaimed Washington production of Shakespeare's *Richard II*—and in TV movies, Thomas, 42, was coming home again for *A Walton Thanksgiving Reunion*.

For this TV-movie sequel, set in 1963 (and airing Sun., Nov. 21, on



▲ Playing John-Boy (with TV pa Ralph Waite) was "totally satisfying," says Thomas.

CBS; see review, page 14), the *Waltons'* Depression-era Virginia farmhouse had been so lovingly reconstructed, Thomas says, "it made me weep." And, carrying "a few more pounds, a few more wrinkles," he says wistfully, were John-Boy's six younger siblings (Jon Walmsley, 37, Judy Norton, 35, Eric Scott, 35, Mary Elizabeth McDonough, 32, David W. Harper, 32, and Kami Cotler, 28); parents Olivia and John (Michael Learned, 54, and Ralph Waite, 65); and Grandma (Ellen Corby, 80, still partially paralyzed from the stroke she suffered in 1976). Only Grandpa Walton (Will Geer, who died in 1978) was missing. Thomas has kept in touch with most of his castmates. But seeing them reunited,

Photograph by Mimi Cotter



he says, engendered "lots of crying and hugging and thinking how lucky we all were to still have each other."

Sadly, in real life Thomas faces a far different holiday than the one he shares with his TV kin. After 17 years of what was, by all appearances, a happy, *Waltons*-solid marriage, Thomas's wife, Alma, 46, a homemaker, has filed for divorce, citing irreconcilable differences. Richard declines to discuss the split, except to say, "Both of us are in the process of putting our private lives back together. I have a wonderful

therapist." And he and Alma, he says, "are communicating."

Still, actor Bruce Davison, 47, a longtime friend of the couple's, says, "He told me that he was shocked that she wanted to separate [in March 1992]." Says Alma: "I guess I shocked him. But if you are really in touch with your mate, you can see things are not right. I wasn't very happy [in the marriage]. There is no [single] reason why one person's needs get met and the other person's do not." But Richard, she adds, is "a good person," and the separation is "amicable, thank goodness, because we have four terrific kids."

Son Richard, 17, a high school senior, and triplet daughters Barbara, Gwyneth and Pilar, 12, sixth graders, stay with their father every other week when he's in L.A. (Thomas, who moved out of the family's hacienda-style Hollywood Hills home last year, lives in a rented house close by.)

Thomas says he didn't have to learn the role of Mr. Mom. "I've always taken them to school, made breakfast, made dinner," he says. In fact, he'll be cooking a Thanksgiving turkey at his house. But he got an extended tryout as a single father last

◀ "We are both good parents," says wife Alma (in '84 with Richard, son Richard, 7, Pilar, Barbara and Gwyneth, 2).

summer, when he and the children went to Washington for rehearsals of *Richard II*. For three weeks they all shared a rented Capitol Hill town house fitted with bunk beds. Now, says Thomas wryly, "I have enormous admiration for single parents." Especially his wife. "I've got to get home and give Alma a break," he said during his penultimate week in Washington, "because I've been gone two months. She needs some time off."

His time spent in *Richard II*, meanwhile, was strangely liberating. "Richard's letting go of his kingship, and I'm letting go of my entire domestic structure," Thomas muses. "There's pain involved in [a divorce]. You use that pain."

Thomas's performance has earned him some of the best reviews of his career. "He makes the part... distinctively his own," wrote a *New York Times* critic, "with a fiery style that should rightfully banish forever the ghost of the gentle, fawn-faced John-Boy Walton."

Exorcizing that ghost from the public's memory hasn't been easy. But his friends and colleagues have long appreciated the differences between man and John-Boy. His *Richard II* costmate Edward Gero lauds Thomas's "great sense of humor," and says that after the show Thomas sometimes shares a bottle of bourbon with the other actors as they dissect the night's performances. Backstage, adds Thomas, "I'm very free-wheeling and profane."

But there is a part of Thomas that will always be claimed by Walton's Mountain. Picking up the script at his first *Walton Thanksgiving Reunion* rehearsal, he worried if he could still play the character he thought he had given up long ago. But then, he realized, "you put on the clothes and rehearse the scene, and it was like I screamed after the [movie wrapped]: 'John-Boy's back! He'd been there all along,'" says Thomas. "He'd never gone away."

■ MICHAEL A. LITTON

■ MARGE BONNETT STEINBERG in Washington and YVES SHELL-CARON in Los Angeles



◀ In *Richard II*, Thomas was "an actor's actor," says his Bolingbroke (Edward Gero, right, with Christopher McHale as Mowbray).

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COVER HOW SWEET IT IS

Newlywed Mariah Carey lives the dream of stardom that sustained her in poverty
■ by Steve Dougherty



"The whole thing was like a dream," says Carey of her star-studded June wedding. "Tommy [Mottola] has a lot of friends who happen to be famous."

SOMETIMES, EVEN IN FAIRY TALES, IT RAINS—but never a depressing cold drizzle like this. All morning the picturesque farmhouse in Upstate New York has been suffused in gloom. Inside the lavishly renovated white colonial, however, a crackling fire fends off the chill as Mariah Carey, 24, talks about her quick ascent to pop-music majesty. "When I look back and think about it, it's so unbelievable!" she says. "I mean, it really is like *Cinderella*."

Indeed it is, right down to Carey's storybook June wedding to mentor and Sony Music mogul

Photographs by © 1993 Robin Bowman





◀ Best buds in high school, Carey and Jennifer Colombo now get to horse around in the hayloft at the Carey-Mottola farm.

signed Carey to a contract that year. Since then, Mottola has described a career arc as fast-rising as Carey's. Sony Music's U.S. revenues increased 50 percent under his stewardship—helped in part by Carey's success—and corporate bean counters hardly faulted Mottola for his pro-Carey bias. To the contrary, two months ago he was put in charge of Sony's \$2 billion worldwide music interests.

For her part, Carey says her only regret is that her sudden success caught her unprepared for performing in public. "I didn't come up doing clubs like most people, so I wasn't ready," she says. "Now I am."

Out to prove it, Carey launched her maiden tour in Miami Nov. 3. (A warm-up performance in Schenectady,

N.Y., filmed in July, will air Thanksgiving night on NBC.) Her Florida debut left some listeners underwhelmed, though by the time Carey got to Boston last week she had recovered from her jitters enough to get a rave from a skeptical *Boston Globe* reviewer for "a spectacular performance . . . [which] bowled over the crowd with a confidence that grew before their very eyes." Carey admits she's happiest in the studio: "I love to go in and sing all the background parts and then hear like 20 tracks of my own voice coming back out of the speaker." But she hoped that the tour would give her a chance "to give something back" to fans and talk back to the critics.

"Someone said I never paid any

Tommy Mottola, 43. Ever since her bearded Prince Charming slipped that shining Gibraltar of a wedding diamond onto her hand, Carey has been cruising in happily-ever-after mode. "Tommy is so romantic," she gushes. "I was in London for a week, and every morning he had two dozen pink roses sent to my room. By the end of the trip, it was filled with roses."

This day Mottola is tending to thornier business in Manhattan, 90 miles away, leaving Carey the run of their baronial Hudson River Valley estate. Its sprawling main house and adjacent guest lodge sit on a hill surrounded by acres of woodlands and mowed pastures near a barn where the

couple's four horses are stabled. Of course, no fairy tale is trouble-free, and lurking under Carey's bridge of happiness is a pack of trollish critics who slammed her fourth album, *MusiBox*. Even so, the album ascended quickly into the Top 10, while its first single, the trilling ballad "Dreamlover," spent two months at No. 1.

Carey has been hearing sour sounds from critics ever since she first came octave-surfing onto the scene three years ago with a voice that could swoop from operatic highs to warm, moaning lows. Her 1990 debut, *Mariah Carey*, sold 6 million copies and won two Grammys. Two follow-ups also moved like Big Macs: *Emotions* (3 million

sold since 1991) and *Unplugged* (2 million since '92). While one critic called hers a transcendent talent, others find her vocal style showy. Another likened her lyrics to "hackneyed high school poetry," set to music.

Then there has been the issue of Carey's mentor, Sony Music president Mottola, who plucked her out of anonymity when she was 18 and spent almost two years—and lavish sums—nurturing her talent. Industry insiders say he treated her like a hot-house flower, sequestering her in recording studios and limiting her public appearances and press exposure. "All the special treatment really upset me," says a former Sony employee.

"They spend \$200,000 on a video and Mariah doesn't like it? No big deal. Just junk it and make another. Other artists as talented, as deserving, never get the shot. They didn't marry the chairman of the board."

A Bronx-born former pop singer, Mottola was a successful artists' manager (Hall & Oates, John Mellencamp, Carly Simon) before joining CBS Records as head of U.S. operations in 1983, shortly after Sony's takeover of the company. Hoping that he had discovered the next Whitney Houston, he

➤ "Growing up poor made me determined: I'm never going to let it happen again," says Carey (relishing her country comforts).



▶ "Jack's swimming!" Mariah exclaims as her Jack Russell terrier takes a dive. "I love him so much." Ditto her two Dobermans.



dues," she says, with a rare flash of anger. "I feel my whole life was struggling, because we were poor. We were alone, we had nothing—no security. I feel I have paid my dues. I've been paying my dues all my life."

Carey was just 3 when her father, Alfred, a black aeronautical engineer from Venezuela, separated from her Irish-American mother, Patricia, an aspiring opera star from Indiana. As a mixed-race couple that moved from one all-white Long Island suburb to another, "they went through some very hard times before I was born," says Mariah. "They had their dogs poisoned, their cars set on fire and blown up. It put a strain on their relationship that never quit. There was always this tension. They just fought all the time."

The Carey family disintegrated when Alfred and Patricia divorced in 1972. Mariah's elder sister, Allison (now 32 and a New York housewife), lived with her father, who eventually settled in Washington, and her elder brother, Morgan (now 33 and a fitness instructor in L.A.), moved out on his own. "My father and I had a good relationship for a minute there, right after the divorce," says Mariah, whose weekly visits with Alfred gradually dwindled down to amicable but infrequent meetings. "Everybody wishes they had the *Brady Bunch* family, but it's not reality."

Raised by Patricia, who remained

single until remarrying years later, Mariah says her mother "wasn't one of those moms who dressed you up with little bows in your hair." While Patricia scratched out a living as a singer and freelance voice coach, "I sort of took care of myself a lot," says Mariah. "I always felt like the rug could be pulled out from under me at any time. And coming from a racially mixed background, I always felt like I didn't really fit in anywhere."

Whatever her social insecurities, Mariah always had one gift to rely on. "From the time Mariah was a tiny girl, she sang on true pitch; she was able to hear a sound and duplicate it exactly," says Patricia, who discovered Ma-



◀ Patricia and Mariah (left, in 1977) are still "very, very close," says Mom.

▶ Before her first concert tour, Carey gets an easier ride on her palomino.

riah's talent in 1972 while rehearsing at home for her New York City Opera debut as Maddalena in Verdi's *Rigoletto*. "I missed my cue, but Mariah didn't. She sang it—in Italian—at exactly the right point. She wasn't yet 3."

From then on, Patricia encouraged—but never pushed—Mariah, coaching her at home and applauding her best efforts. "She was not a stage mother at all," says Mariah, who sang for family friends, joined occasional folk-music hoots and performed in school talent shows. While still in high school, and with Mom's blessing, she began commuting to Manhattan to write songs with a musician friend of her brother's, sometimes staying out until 2 a.m. on school nights. Within days of graduating from Harborfields High in 1987, says Mariah, "I packed up my stuffed animals and my posters and tapes, and I moved into the city."

There, after just 10 months of struggling as a waitress, coat checker and part-time backup singer for rhythm-and-blues diva Brenda K. Starr, Carey met Mottola at a Columbia Records party. Anxious to sign a female singer, Mottola snatched Carey's demo tape as she was about to hand it to another music scout. Driving home, he played



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COVER
 "For some reason, people always expect me to be this short person with a high, squeaky voice," says Carey. Maybe that's because when she sings, she hits high notes her mom claims "are octaves off the keyboard."

the demo in his tape deck. "It didn't have my name on it," says Carey. "He couldn't match up the voice with this Long Island kid in a football cheer-leading jacket. So he drove back to the party to find me, and I was gone."

And so, using the plastic cassette tape as his glass slipper, Mottola launched a search for pop's future princess, finally tracking Carey down a week later through Starr. "He left a message on my machine," says Carey. "I called back, stuttering: 'Can I speak to M-Mister M-Mottola?' He said, 'I think we can make hit records.' I was like freaking out!"

Five years later, Carey looks nothing like the scared kid from Long Island Lollitland. Tall—5'9"—and striking with her mahogany-colored hair and ebony eyes, she seems unaffected by her fame. When old high-school pal Jennifer Colombo, 22, visits, the two lapse into giggle fits. "She's as funny as the first time we met," says Colombo. "I think it was in the girls' room at school."

For Mottola, his marriage last June to Carey—in a splashy wedding at Manhattan's St. Thomas Episcopal Church attended by family and friends including Robert De Niro, Barbra

Streisand and Bruce Springsteen—marked the end of a secretive courtship. Married and the father of two preteen children when he and Carey met in 1988, Mottola separated from Lisa Clark Mottola, his wife of 20 years, in 1990. After a bitter legal battle, the two divorced a year later, with Mrs. Mottola winning custody of the children and Mottola receiving liberal visitation rights. His relationship with Carey had turned to romance while the two were working on her debut album. "Here I was, coming from an apartment with mattresses on the floor into this whole different world," says Carey. "It just sort of happened. Tommy is just the greatest person. He knows so much; he's funny. I can't imagine anybody else who would be so supportive and so understanding and helpful. He lifts me up."

So far, Carey can't find a downside to life with one of music's top moguls. Since returning from their Hawaiian honeymoon, the power-pop couple has been dividing time between a Manhattan apartment and their farm, where Mottola keeps his extensive shotgun, pistol and hunting rifle collections. Carey, a former vegetarian who would rather cuddle than shoot animals, be-

lieves marriage can bridge differences, even their almost 20-year age gap. "I don't think of Tommy as an older person," she says. "I think of him as a very special person. Everybody who knows us realizes that we're right for each other."

As for some youngsters of her own, Carey says she and Mottola are agreed: "Eventually, but not soon." They do, she admits, "sometimes get in fights" over business. "He's ready to say, 'Do it this way.' At the same time, I'm very independent." At home, however, there is one realm where Mottola always rules: the kitchen. "Tommy is a wonderful cook," she says. "I'm so spoiled by his cooking. I bake when I'm bored, but he's the chef."

Outside, the rain has stopped, the skies seem about to clear, and Carey is feeling exultant. "Every day I count my blessings," she says, executing a spontaneous pirouette in front of the fireplace. "I mean, I'm this poor kid from Long Island and now—this! I couldn't have made it any better if I'd created it myself."

Well, there is one thing. "Okay," she adds after a second's thought, "maybe those critics could go." ■

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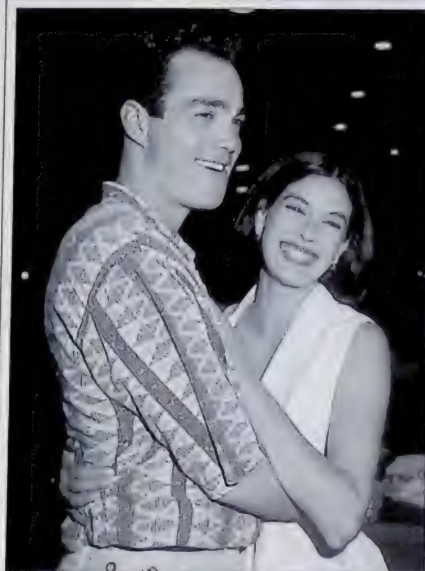
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PASSAGES

by Sabrina McFarland



A Teri Hatcher will marry Jon Tenney, not the Man of Steel.

♥ Actress **Teri Hatcher**, 28, who stars in TV's *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*, is engaged to **Jon Tenney**, 30, who costarred in *Equal Justice*. The two will marry sometime next year. . . . **Patti Davis**, 41, former President Reagan's younger daughter, plans to wed **Paul Haysland**, 27, on Nov. 20 in Westport, Conn. Davis and her first husband, yoga instructor **Paul Grilley**, 35, divorced in 1990, after almost six years of marriage.

■ On Nov. 4, **Cliff Young**, 29, became the third Cleveland Indians pitcher to die tragically this year.

Young, who was driving without a seat belt, was trying to light a cigarette when his truck hit a tree and flipped over near his hometown of Willis, Texas. In March, Indian pitchers **Steve Olin**, 27, and **Tim Crews**, 31, were killed when the motorboat *Crews* was driving slammed into a pier in Clermont, Fla.

⊕ Actor **Roger Moore**, 65, who starred as James Bond seven times from 1973 to '84, is recuperating from surgery to remove an enlarged prostate. The operation was performed at a Los Angeles hospital on Nov. 2. According to his spokesperson, Moore, who is now at his L.A. home, is

not suffering from prostate cancer.

♥ Actress **Nia Peeples**, 31, and her husband, R&B singer **Howard Hewitt**, 38, are ending their four-year marriage. On Nov. 4, Peeples filed for divorce in L.A. superior court, citing irreconcilable differences. The couple have a son, **Christopher**, 4.

⊕ Singer **Ginny Herron**, 28, of the R&B quartet *En Vogue*, and her husband, **Glenn Briggs**, 31, a former Cincinnati Reds left fielder who now plays pro ball in Japan, are expecting their first child in April.

⊕ Singer **Elton John**, 46, was awarded \$518,700 on Nov. 4 after a London jury found the *Sunday Mirror* guilty of falsely reporting, in a 1992 story about John's "diet of death," that he was once again suffering from bulimia. John, who underwent therapy for bulimia and drug addiction in 1990, charged in his lawsuit that the *Mirror* had disregarded the truth and was motivated by profit. . . . **Dr. Jack Kevorkian**, 65, dubbed Michigan's "Dr. Death" for helping 19 terminally ill people commit suicide over a three-year period, was released from jail on \$20,000 bail on Nov. 8, after a three-day hunger strike. The bail was posted by attorney John A. DeMoss, who wanted to put an end to the publicity Kevorkian was receiving for the strike. In September, Kevorkian was ordered to stand trial for violating a new Michigan law that declares suicide assistance a felony punishable by a four-year prison term. . . . **Howard Rollins**, 43, a regular on TV's *In the Heat of the Night*, was apprehended and charged with driving under the influence on Nov. 6 in Conyers, Ga. A trial date has not yet been set. At the time of his arrest, Rollins was reportedly wearing a curly blond wig. He has been arrested in the area twice before on a similar charge.

► **Elton John** has something to sing about: a victory in court.



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DISCOVERY



A "I like to be in the middle of a forest, completely alone," says discoverer John MacKinnon. "It makes me feel alive."

HOLY BOVID!

A new kind of mammal is found in Vietnam

THE FIRST TIME DR. JOHN MACKINNON heard about the creature, he was skeptical. The British-born ecologist was in Vietnam's remote 350-square-mile Vu Quang Nature Reserve in May 1992 conducting a biodiversity study with five Vietnamese scientists. Villagers who lived near the mountainous jungle reserve, which lies about 175 miles southwest of Hanoi and straddles the border with Laos, told the scientists about a rarely seen beast they called the forest goat. It was cowlike, they said, but had the long horns of an antelope, the glossy

coat of a horse and the agility of a mountain goat. "I thought it was rubbish at first," says MacKinnon, 46, who has worked in Vietnam on and off for 10 years.

The villagers knew what they were talking about, however, and when biologist Do Tuoc, a member of MacKinnon's team, visited their settlement, they gave him a set of horns from the animal. "At first," says MacKinnon, "I thought the horns might have been a trophy from Africa that had come from some French-

man's house. I knew this was not anything we had ever encountered before in Vietnam."

MacKinnon had DNA tests done on skin samples from other remains the locals had collected. The creature, it turned out, was something scientists had never encountered *anywhere* before. Last June, MacKinnon and his colleagues, writing in *Nature*, the British science journal, were able to claim a remarkable coup: the discovery of a large mammal hitherto unknown to science. It was the first such finding in more than half a century, since the kouprey, a species of wild cattle, was discovered in Cambodia in 1937. "Finding a new genus of mammal is always a shock," says Dr. John Robinson, vice president for International Conservation at the Wildlife Conservation Society in New York



◀ And here he is: the as-yet-unphotographed *Pseudoryx nghetinhensis*, in an artist's rendering.

Photographs by Robin Moyer

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City. "That it exists at all shakes our foundation of knowledge."

The creature—named by MacKinnon *Pseudoryx nghetinhensis* (meaning false oryx of Nghe Tinh, the former name of the province where it was found)—is a member of the bovid family, but it is called by the villagers the forest goat or spindlehorn. It had been able to live undisturbed because of the inaccessibility of its native region. Until villagers began moving into the area in the 1950s, MacKinnon believes, the spindlehorn had no natural enemies. Its habitat escaped damage during the Vietnam War. "There were no targets," says MacKinnon, "and no soldiers going through."

Even today the spindlehorn, which lives at elevations above 3,300 feet, is caught only occasionally in snares set for wild pigs and deer. "I don't think the animal was deliberately hunted, because it did not have a value, except for a little medicinal use," says MacKinnon.

MacKinnon, the youngest child of two physicians from Leeds (and the grandson of Ramsay MacDonald, a prime minister of Britain in the 1920s and 1930s), has worked in 60 countries, primarily in Africa and Asia, and has focused his energies on creating conservation management strategies. He founded the Hong Kong-based Asian

Bureau for Conservation in 1992.

MacKinnon, who has never actually seen a spindlehorn, wants to capture one—but only on film. He plans to set up a system of cameras in the Vu Quang reserve that will automatically photograph any large animal that passes. "It's obviously long been a forest animal," he says. "Its existence suggests that cows originated in forests and later became plains animals."

Discovery of *Pseudoryx*—of which it is estimated there are at most a few hundred—could be an impetus to conservation in the reserve, which MacKinnon would like to see expanded. "The *Pseudoryx* is just the tip of the iceberg," he says. "We've found a new species of carp, the skull of a deer that may be a new species, and possibly a new species of bird."

The spindlehorn, MacKinnon estimates, weighs about 220 pounds, has a brown coat with black-and-white markings and a scent gland like the ones deer use to mark territory. "It looks more like a goat than a cow, but it's biologically closer to the cow," he says.

Until someone can study a live spindlehorn up close, though, one big question remains unanswered: Should we be getting ourselves ready for *Pseudoryx* cheese?

■ MICHAEL NEEL
■ ANDREA PIWOWSKI in Hong Kong



A "I feel guilty if I do anything enjoyable," admits Dr. MacKinnon (in his Hong Kong office).

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A "I've had a good life. I don't feel grouchy about my life at all," says Bessie Delany, 102 (standing), with her sister, Sadie, 104.

FREE SPIRITS

The sisters Delany have been ahead of their time for a century ■ by Marjorie Rosen

Photographs by Marianne Barcellona

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A The family at St. Aug's in 1906: Sadie stands at left; Bessie, in front, holds sister Laura.

The sisters were educated and urged to 'reach high'

WHEN SADIE AND BESSIE DELANY were born, Henry Ford hadn't yet put his better idea on an assembly line and the Wright brothers were still on the ground. The daughters of a freed slave, Sadie, 104, and her younger sister, Bessie, 102, grew up in the South before the dawn of this century.

Today the sisters can vividly recall the passage of Jim Crow laws that officially segregated blacks from whites. Until then, says Bessie, "white folks wanted you to know that you were colored, but they didn't have any way of pounding it into you." The two spirited little girls would often challenge the segregation laws by scrambling into front seats on a bus or sneaking drinks from whites-only fountains. "White" water didn't taste any different from "colored" water," notes Sadie some nine decades later, as the sisters sit primly in the tidy par-

lor of their Mount Vernon, N.Y., home.

In their new acclaimed memoir, *Having Our Say: The Delany Sisters' First 100 Years* (Kodansha International), the Delanys—self-described "maiden ladies" who have lived together virtually their entire lives—reflect poignantly on being what they call "colored" in America in the 20th century. They recount their journey from North Carolina to New York, armed with little more than education and spunk, to pursue careers.

Neither the civil-rights movement nor feminism had yet raised the nation's consciousness in the 1920s, when Sadie became the first black to teach domestic science in a New York City high school and Bessie the second black woman licensed to practice dentistry in New York. "They said Negroes couldn't read and write," says Bessie today. "Well, my people could."

In fact, their parents, Nanny Logan and Henry Beard Delany, met as students at St. Augustine's school in Raleigh, N.C., an institution dedicated to

PAGES



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A "You catch more flies with molasses," says Sadie (in North Carolina in 1920).

educating blacks. Henry, who would go on to become the nation's first elected black Episcopal bishop, in 1918, had been taught to read as a "house nigger" on a St. Marys, Ga., plantation. As chaplain at St. Aug's, he raised his 10 children, including Sarah Louise and Annie Elizabeth, his oldest daughters, on the school campus. Yet, while their intellectual life was rich, domestic conditions were harsh. "We didn't have plumbing," says Bessie. "You had to carry water from the spring for drinking and bath-



A "Sadie and I can always compromise," says Bessie (in Atlantic City in the '30s).

ing. And I would have to dig a hole and empty slops from the commodes for 14 people every morning."

Having wearied of household chores by their teens, Sadie and Bessie balked when their mother suggested futures as homemakers. Bessie recalls, "I said, 'Mama, I don't want none of that. I helped raise your family, and that's enough for me.'" Says Sadie: "I wanted to be a nurse, but my father said, 'Why don't you become a doctor?'"

After teaching domestic science at

"colored schools" around the South for seven years to earn tuition, the sisters headed north to New York City, where Bessie got a degree in dental surgery and Sadie received a master's degree in education, both from Columbia University. After graduating, Sadie landed a job teaching home ec in a Manhattan high school by *not* going to her interview. "They would have seen that I was colored and bounced me," she writes. Instead, she missed her appointment—and was assigned to a school. "Child," she adds, "when I showed up, they just about died."

Bessie set up her dental practice in Harlem, and she "ran it," she says, "like a social-service center." In fact, it was in her office that friends like Cab Calloway and black activist W.E.B. Du Bois gathered. "We saw Harlem become Harlem," she says. "We went there when it was just changing and you couldn't get served." Even hot clubs with black entertainers catered to whites. Still, Bessie refused to eat in integrated restaurants for fear, she says, that "servers would spit in the food."

Nonetheless, that era was a heady time for the Delanys, who eventually lived in the same building with several siblings, all of whom had professions. (Lemuel was a doctor, Hubert a judge.) "Oh, we had a lot of beaux," Sadie remembers. "I was nice to them, but I was making more money than they and said, 'I'm not taking care of any man.'"

To this day the sisters remain fiercely independent. Although they don't venture out much, Bessie and Sadie cook their own meals and refuse live-in help. Central to their life is their faith. Ask their prescription for longevity, and—along with yoga, a daily spoonful of cod liver oil, vitamins and a clove of chopped garlic—they cite twice-daily prayer sessions. "The Lord is always with me," says Sadie.

Delighting in their hit memoir, which was inspired by a 1991 *New York Times* piece by the book's co-author, Amy Hill Hearth, the Delanys are now contemplating another writing venture. Teases Sadie: "Bessie says she's gonna live to be 120." Her sister and best friend chuckles. "I wanna be like Moses," she says. "And, honey, I'm gonna keep on trying." Adds Sadie: "And I'll just *have* to live to keep her company." ■



A "We didn't have husbands to worry us to death," Bessie (left, cooking with Sadie) has said.

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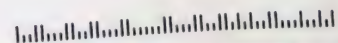
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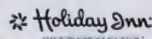
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ANIMALS

THEY FEED HORSES, DON'T THEY?

A federal raid uncovers dozens of emaciated Arabians at Paolo Gucci's farm

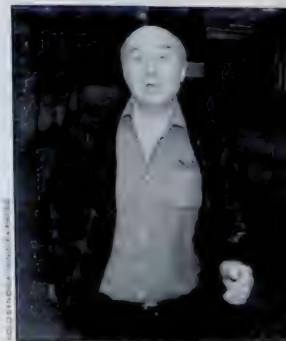


IT WAS NOT A PRETTY PICTURE. EARLY this month about 100 underfed Arabian horses were found at a Westchester County farm north of New York City. Some were starving. Some had protruding ribs and haunches. Others had mangy coats. None had been inoculated against rabies; none had received routine hoof care. And those were the survivors; at least four horses were found to have died in the past four months.

All of this came to light Nov. 4 when U.S. marshals raided Millfield Stables in Yorktown Heights, N.Y., a farm that court papers show is indirectly owned by Paolo Gucci, 62, an heir to the famed Gucci leather-goods empire. Over the next few days the marshals seized 15 emaciated Arabians that Gucci had purchased from a Texas breeder in May 1992 but had allegedly not finished paying

▲ Former Millfield stable manager Alexis Bitely feeds a mare recovering on an upstate farm.

▼ Paolo Gucci (at home in England in 1991) has yet to discuss the horses' plight publicly.



for. The 15 horses will be returned to Texas when they are strong enough to travel. The other 85 remain at Millfield Stables. All were gaunt and weakened, says Gucci's estranged wife, Jennifer, 43—who is involved in an acrimonious two-year divorce battle with Paolo—because "Paolo will just go to no end not to give me a settlement."

Not so, says Gucci's new love, former stable girl Penny Armstrong, 24, who is mother to his 9-month-old daughter, Alyssa. She inspected Millfield Stables in October, she insists, and found no problems. "Most of the horses were fine," she says, claiming that the tabloids exaggerated their conditions and that Jennifer Gucci is raising the issue solely to force his financial hand. "She's trying to get at him in any way," she says, adding that Gucci was

Photographs by Mimi Cotter

11/22/93 PEOPLE 111

traveling and could not be reached.

Jennifer Gucci is not the only one who links the substandard conditions at Millfield Stables to her divorce proceedings in 1991. Alexis Bitely, Gucci's former stable manager, says, "When the divorce first started, things began to deteriorate. Until then, the horses were all well-fed and healthy."

But by last January, says Bitely, there was little food because the feed

bills hadn't been paid. During the next 10 months the horses would sometimes go as long as five days unfed.

"Paolo doesn't want his wife to have the property or the horses," she speculates. "He wants to prove that he has no money so that she gets none from him."

In May, Jennifer, a former opera singer who lives in Manhattan, stopped by the farm. "It was unbelievable," she says. "I got on the phone to

my husband [in England], who I don't often speak to, and I said, 'For godsakes, Paolo, do something about these horses, you idiot.' And he said, 'What do you want me to do? Get money from trees?'"

Meanwhile, Bitely spent \$3,000 of her own on feed; Jennifer Gucci, who claims her husband has cut her off financially, contributed \$700 (her bank account, she says, held only

\$1,500 at that time). By May, reports Bitely, "the pasture was bare of grass, since the horses had eaten every bit of digestible material. In fact, they had begun to eat the wood fence." Hunger wasn't the only problem. In June a colt died of rabies. And three expired from colic.

Dealings between the Guccis had eroded as well. In March, before being released on \$100,000 bond, Paolo was jailed for 24 hours in Bridgeport, Conn., for failure to pay \$350,000 in alimony and support for daughter Gemma, 10 (the case is still pending). It was not Paolo's first public family fight. In 1986 he blew the whistle on his father, Aldo Gucci, causing the 81-year-old head of the family business to be jailed in the U.S. for a year for tax evasion. On another occasion, Paolo emerged from a board meeting covered in blood, allegedly from a fistfight with his father, brothers and cousin. And in 1980, the same year he left the business, he was sued by the family over his intent to use the Gucci name for his own ventures (he retains limited rights).

Yet the long-term neglect of the

horses puzzles many, since as recently as 1992, Gucci sponsored the Preakness Triple Crown Ball. However, the SPCA of Westchester, responding to numerous calls, sent an agent to check on the horses several times, ordered shelters built (some were) and was preparing to seize the horses when the U.S. marshals moved in. Now the society monitors the situation twice daily, ensuring that the horses are fed. "I'm sure this is all part of the divorce problem," says Elly Burzon, director of the SPCA. "But we really don't care about that. We just want to make sure these animals are fed."

• MARJORIE ROSEN
• CYNTHIA WANG in Newburgh and LAURA SANDERSON HEAMY in London

Y Bitely (left), vet Herb Burns and breeder Tricia Dencker examine a rescued filly.



◀ Gucci is "understandably" upset by the hubbub, says lover Penny Armstrong (romping with him in the surf in Greece in 1991).

► "It's a vindictiveness that knows no bounds," says Jennifer Gucci (posing in '91) of her estranged husband's parsimony.



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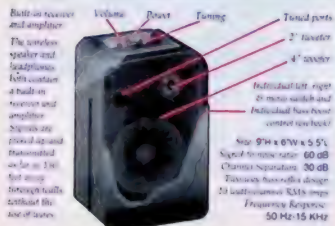
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CRIME

BLOOD WEDDING

A 'perfect' young Canadian couple is charged with two grisly sex slayings

THE BRIDE AND GROOM—YOUNG, BLOND AND ATTRACTIVE—were as perfect as their elaborate wedding, planned down to the last detail. She was a 23-year-old veterinary assistant, he an accountant five years her senior, and they gathered to exchange their vows before 125 friends and relatives in a quaint Canadian village near Niagara Falls. Afterward, on that lovely Satur-

day in June 1991, the guests supped on pheasant and fine champagne at the Queens Landing Inn and watched Karla Homolka and Paul Bernardo ride off into the sunset in a horse-drawn carriage.

For a time the newlyweds seemed to live happily ever after—a couple so clean-cut that their neighbors in Port Dalhousie, Ont., called them Ken and Barbie. But that im-

▼ Bernardo made Karla Homolka (during her trial) "more secure in herself," says an old friend.



A Karla and Paul had a dream wedding in 1991.

age was shattered less than two years after their wedding, when Bernardo was arrested for the Scarborough rapes—a series of violent sex crimes committed from 1987 to 1990 against 19 women that had terrorized the so-called Golden Horseshoe, the heavily populated region along western Lake Ontario from Toronto to Niagara Falls. Bernardo and Homolka have also been charged in the deaths of two teenage girls, Leslie Mahaffy, 14, and Kristen French, 15. Last summer, Homolka was convicted of manslaughter for her role in the murders. Bernardo, who now faces two first-degree-murder charges and 48 sex-related charges, will go on trial next April.

The sensational arrest and Homolka's subsequent trial have filled Canada's newspapers and tabloid-TV shows, even though Ontario Court General Division has declared a near-total information blackout to ensure that Bernardo receives a fair trial. The ban has only fed the media frenzy, as lurid rumors of snuff videos and sales of body parts gripped the nation. Barred from disclosing any facts, reporters who covered Homolka's trial would say only that the details were so ghastly that some journalists wept. "You could hear the sobbing all over the courtroom," says one Toronto reporter.

What is known is grim enough. Authorities say Bernardo had allegedly raped and murdered only a short time before he was married. On the same June afternoon that he and Homolka exchanged vows, in fact, Leslie Mahaffy's body was discovered in nearby Lake Gibson. Or most of it was. Her corpse had been dismembered with a power saw, and the limbs embedded in several hunks of concrete. Police believe that the ninth grader had been sexually assaulted before her death.

Less than a year later, police say, Bernardo killed 15-year-old Kristen French, who had disappeared two weeks earlier on her way home from school in St. Catharines—a blue-collar city of 131,000 just outside Niagara Falls. She was found in a ditch 30 miles from her home, naked, with her long dark hair shorn. She too had been sexually assaulted, and police believe she had been kept alive for most of the two weeks she was miss-



A Leslie Mahaffy (in 1990) was coming home from a wake the night she was abducted.



Thousands of strangers helped in the search for Kristen French (with Sasha in 1991).

ing. "You wonder, 'What did she actually go through?'" said her father, Doug French, 62, a salesman for a rubber company. "That is the part that really disturbs us."

Toronto police had actually questioned Bernardo in 1990, before either girl was killed, in connection with the Scarborough rapes but had been unable to make an arrest. He had become a suspect because he bore a striking resemblance to a composite sketch of the rapist, whom many victims described as having boy-next-door looks. Bernardo's friends had even commented on the likeness when the sketch appeared in the *Toronto Sun*. "You could say Paul didn't have a sense of humor about it," says Van Smirnis, 28, who grew up across the street from Bernardo in Scarborough and was best man at his wedding. Except for the sketch, however, authorities found no evidence linking Bernardo to the attacks. So they collected a DNA sample from him (and from hundreds of other possible suspects) and continued their investigation.

Even in retrospect, his friend Smirnis admits, it is difficult to imagine Bernardo as a killer. Handsome and smart, Bernardo "never let on that he was anything other than a model citizen," Smirnis says. In high school, Bernardo played on several teams and was an excellent student who "rarely studied [but] got A's," Smirnis says. Bernardo's main interest, though, was the opposite sex. "As long as the girl was reasonably good-looking, he'd go out with her," says Smirnis. Bernardo wrote in his 1982 high school yearbook that one of his goals was to become rich and famous so he could go to California and "check out girls on the beach."

That's why Smirnis was surprised when his best friend settled down so quickly with Karla Homolka. Bernardo had graduated from the University of Toronto in three years and was working as an accountant at Price Waterhouse in Toronto when he met Homolka, then 17. She was in town from St. Catharines, attending a pet-shop convention.

The quiet, petite Homolka fell instantly in love with the dashing Bernardo. She wrote in her high school yearbook that her only wish was to marry him. And Bernardo made it clear his intentions were seri-

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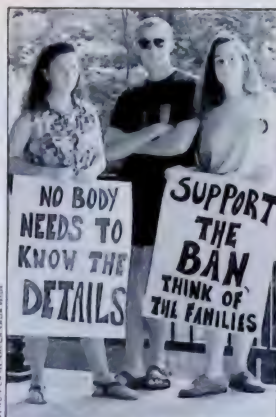
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ous. He began making the two-hour trip every weekend from Scarborough to Homolka's home in St. Catharines, where she lived with her parents, Karel, a salesman, and Dorothy, a hospital worker. The Homolkas saw Bernardo as "the perfect son-in-law," Smirnits says.

On Christmas Eve, 1990, while the Homolkas were occupied upstairs, Paul and Karla were with Karla's 15-year-old sister, Tammy, when the girl died in front of their eyes. She allegedly choked to death on her own vomit after drinking a mixture of rum and eggnog. Paul told police that his attempts to resuscitate the girl had failed, and her death was ruled accidental. Soon afterward, Paul and Karla got engaged and moved to a \$1,150-a-month, Cape Cod-style house in Port Dalhousie.

After the Bernardos' 1991 wedding, Smirnits and his wife, Joanne, noticed some troubling things about the relationship. "He would control every facet of Karla's life," says Van, and wouldn't even let her touch his clothes. Joanne claims Paul tried to prevent her and Karla from becoming friends. "There were a few incidents where he'd blow up," she says. "Karla would start crying, and I'd try to comfort her, and he'd say, 'Just stay out of my marriage.'" Even the couple's pets aroused Bernardo's fury. Smirnits says he once watched Ber-



A Supporters of victims' rights picketed Karla's trial to demonstrate their approval of the controversial press ban.

nardo grill and eat Karla's lizard after it bit him.

In January 1992, Bernardo may have finally gone too far. He allegedly attacked Karla with a flashlight, hitting her so hard that her left eye was partly dislodged from the socket. The police charged Bernardo with assault, and as soon as Karla was released from the hospital, she hired a Niagara Falls lawyer. She then spent the next

several weeks in top-secret negotiations with police and prosecutors, though it is unclear whether she led police to her husband or not. At the same time, the results from Bernardo's DNA tests—delayed for more than two years at a short-handed police lab—at last linked him to the Scarborough rapes.

On Feb. 17 police surrounded the Port Dalhousie house and arrested Bernardo for the Scarborough rapes. Police also immediately reopened their investigation into Tammy Homolka's death. (Ontario's deputy chief coroner has told reporters that the exhumation of her body was "well worthwhile," but refuses to elaborate.) Finally, in May, Karla Homolka appeared in court and was charged with manslaughter. The next day, Bernardo was charged with the first-degree murder of Leslie Mahaffy and Kristen French.

While Karla serves 12 years in the Kingston Prison for Women, and Paul (who has changed his last name to Teale, reportedly to hide his Portuguese heritage) awaits trial in Toronto's Metro East Detention Centre, the families of Leslie Mahaffy and Kristen French are struggling to piece their lives back together.

Both girls' mothers, Debbie Mahaffy and Donna French, say they and their other children are plagued by nightmares, and Mahaffy, a former schoolteacher, spent 2½ months in a hospital receiving psychiatric treatment for her grief. At times she still finds it difficult to do simple tasks. She has tried to focus her energy on a cause close to her heart—victims' rights—by waging a petition campaign against serial-killer trading cards and organizing a support network for families of murder victims. But she dreads having to live through her daughter's death all over again when Paul Bernardo comes to trial next spring. "I divorce myself from [Bernardo and Homolka]. I don't allow them to have any more power than they already have," Mahaffy says, speaking, she hopes, for Donna French and the other victims as well. "It's too tragic already that so many people have died and been hurt."

• ELIZABETH GLEICK
• FANNE WEINSTEIN, SCOTT BURNSIDE and ALAN CURRY in Ontario



A Leslie Mahaffy's body was discovered in Lake Gibson, a popular Ontario fishing spot.

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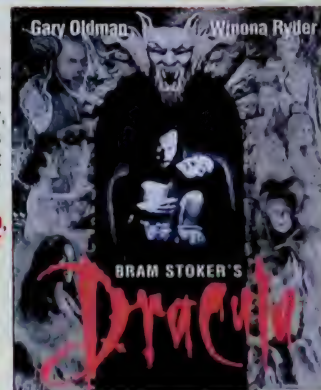
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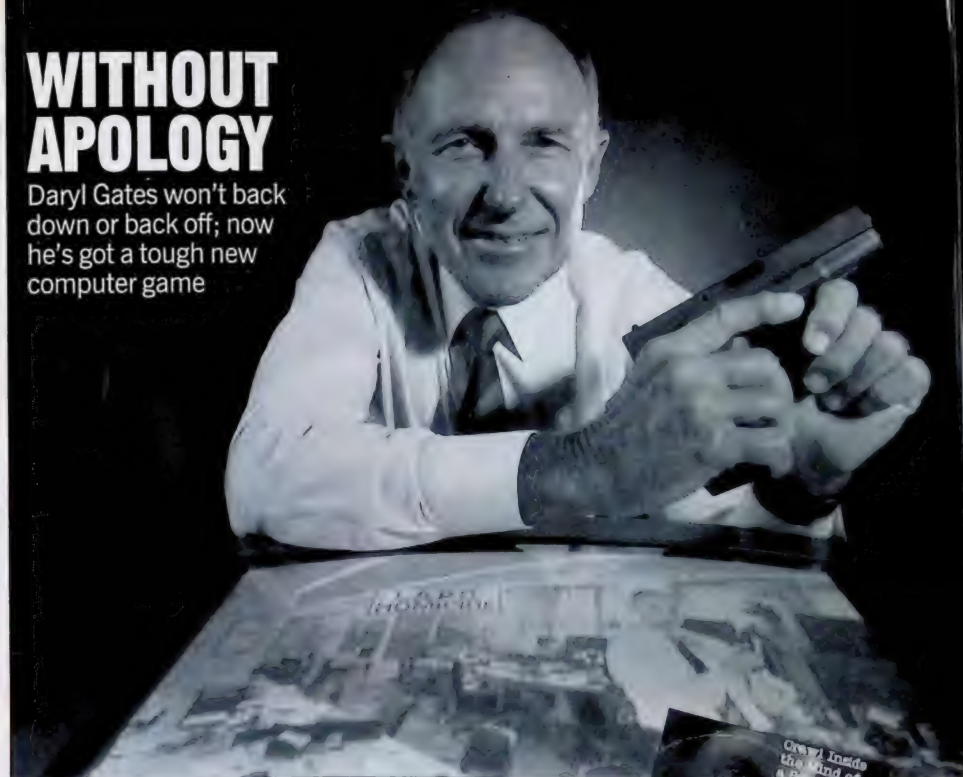
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SEQUEL

WITHOUT APOLOGY

Daryl Gates won't back down or back off; now he's got a tough new computer game



YOU'RE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT detective John Carey, hot on the trail of a serial killer. After tracking leads everywhere from a sleazy strip joint to the county coroner's office, you suddenly find the imposing image of former LAPD chief Daryl Gates on your computer. "Carey, get that son-of-a-bitch!" he offers by way of encouragement. Later, as you close in on the culprit, he screams, "Carey, you find him, and I'll pull the switch!"

Seventeen months after his departure from the LAPD—in the wake of the Rodney King beating and the April 1992 riots that followed—Gates is the same shoot-from-the-hip swag-gener who was beloved by cops and conservatives and vilified by liberal politicians and the media. Only this time his stage is a just-released computer game, which he helped develop,

Gates (with the Glock 9mm he still carries) was a stickler for authenticity in the computer crime game now bearing his name.

called *Police Quest 4*. "I'm comfortable in what I am and who I am, and I've never worried about whether people like me or dislike me," says Gates, who still enjoys being called Chief. "It's never been an issue."

In addition to starring in the game, Gates, 67, has kept the heat on his detractors—with his own radio call-in show, a best-selling autobiography (*Chief: My Life in the LAPD*) and frequent appearances on the lecture circuit, at up to \$12,000 a pop.

On his radio show, Gates has jokingly recommended that Stacey Koon and Laurence Powell, the police officers imprisoned for violating Rodney King's civil rights, paste a photo of their Justice Department prosecutors



on a dartboard ("Stacey already put a couple of darts in Rodney," added Gates). And he has blamed civil rights leaders for blowing the King case out of proportion ("The black leadership was out there just loving all of that attention," he said). "What I love about him most is his total inability to filter things," says Melanie Lomax, Gates's former archrival on

Photograph by Steve Labadessa

SEQUEL

the Los Angeles Police Commission. "He's extremely smart, but he says totally dumb things."

ACLU president Nadine Strossen, however, whose public debates with Gates have led to near riots, says Gates's bulldog public personality doesn't make him unbearable off-stage. "It's a combination of disagreement on the issues and yet respect and cordiality on a personal level," she says.

One thing Gates won't say, though, is, "I'm sorry." He refuses, for example, to apologize for not

stepping down as chief after the King beating, despite the fact that his refusal is often blamed for exacerbating the city's racial divisions. Gates says he had to stay on the job out of loyalty to the LAPD. "One of the problems today is that people run from a crisis," he says. "That's lousy leadership."

But that loyalty may end up costing Gates. He spends a lot of time fending off the 200 or so lawsuits filed against him and the city for alleged police brutality and civil rights violations. Among those suing him are King, former police officer Timothy Wind, who says he was unfairly fired for his role in the King beating, and riot victim Reginald Denny, who says the police violated his civil rights by not coming to his aid. (Gates says the recent verdicts acquitting Denny's attackers of the most serious charges was a case of the jury choosing "peace over justice.")

Although he has filed his own suit against the city of Los Angeles—seeking to recover \$365,000 in costs he contends he incurred when the police commission attempted to force him out of his job—Gates claims he holds no bitterness toward his former employer. "Hell, I spent

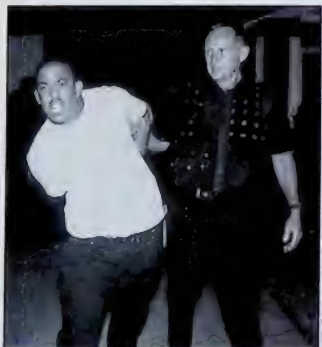
43 great years in law enforcement," he says. He admits, though, that he is disappointed that his best-remembered legacy will be the King incident and not his creation of the nation's first SWAT team in the 1960s.

Still, Gates believes that his turbulent final year as police chief was tougher on his second wife, Sima, and his three children from his first marriage—Debby, 44, Kathy, 43, and Scott, 37—than it was on him. "I guess I have a cast-iron disposition," he says. "They take it much harder. That has been the sad part of this."

Since his retirement in June 1992, Gates has learned to relax by cooking ("I make the greatest salmon you ever tasted," he brags), burying himself in Louis L'Amour novels and going for six-mile runs near the two-bedroom condo he shares with Sima in northeastern L.A., not far from the blue-collar Glendale neighborhood where he grew up. Even for a man who stubbornly refused to leave his job, the relative peace of retirement sometimes seems a blessing. "The last year and a half of being chief was not a happy time," he admits. "It seemed like I was fighting everybody in the world."

• CYNTHIA SAWZ

• NANCY MUSTO/OTO in Los Angeles



A "We ought to have blown a few heads off during the riots," says Gates (arresting Damian Williams before TV cameras in May 1992).



► In the Rodney King case, Gates claims the media blamed the entire LAPD for the actions of four officers. "That's what got out of focus," he says.

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PUZZLER

by Stanley Newman

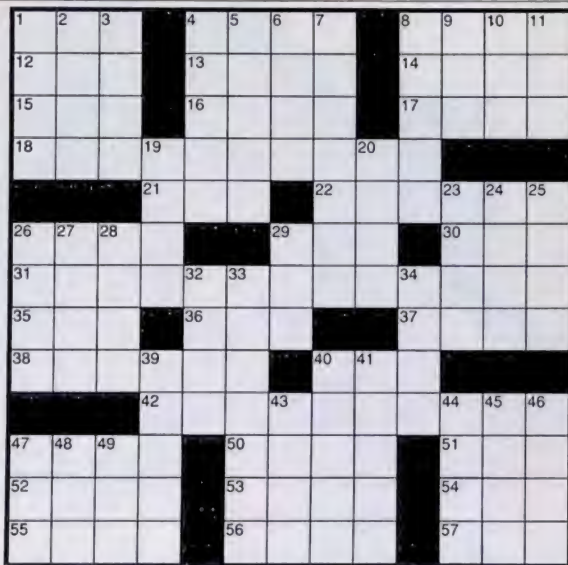
WAR SOAP

ACROSS

1. Once around the track
4. Thompson of Family
8. Leaf-gathering tool
12. "You __ My Sunshine"
13. Caveman's weapon
14. Completed
15. Pig's home
16. Worry, it's said
17. Roseanne's maiden name
18. Star of 42 Across (2 wds.)
21. Tel Aviv's land (abbr.)
22. Splash star
26. Practice boxing
29. Author Fleming
30. Light __ feather (2 wds.)
31. 18 Across's role in 42 Across (2 wds.)
35. Murals and sculptures
36. Stocking port
37. "Has 1,001 __"
38. Emulate Billy Graham
40. Give a massage

DOWN

42. LIFETIME drama set in Vietnam (2 wds.)
47. The __ Picture Show
50. "It's Impossible" singer
51. Quaid-Ryan thriller of '88
52. Canyon sound effect
53. "What __ mind reader?" (3 wds.)
54. Everyone
55. First word in a letter
56. Empty __ (NBC sitcom)
57. Richard Deacon, an The Dick Van Dyke Show



1. Sergeant Friday's employer (abbr.)
2. Vicinity
3. Teller's magic partner
4. Large quantity
5. "Rags-to-riches" author Horatio Graham
6. Sword fight, for example

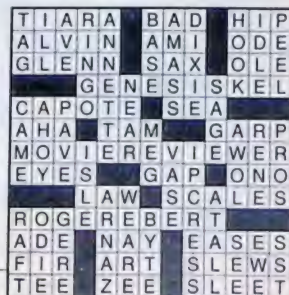
7. Oscar winner for Amadeus
8. Female jockey Smith
9. Actress Gardner
10. Prefix for "plunk"
11. Make a blunder

19. Put on __ (act snooty)
20. Mark's greeting
23. Catches 40 winks
24. Arthur of tennis
25. Robert of Airplane!
26. Break suddenly
27. Sound of feline contentment
28. Johnson of Laugh-In

29. Bar cubes
32. Ingrain deeply
33. Daniel Day-Lewis, in a recent film
34. Contraption cartoonist Goldberg
39. Cruise or Costner
40. Groundhog Day director Harold
41. World War II submarine
43. Alaska town
44. Abel's dad
45. "I Live for Your Love" singer
46. Let's Make a Deal host
47. Showed the way
48. Cable TV's Oscar
49. __ Na Na

18 ACROSS

ANSWERS
TO LAST
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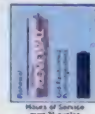
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PARTY IT'S HER TURN

Songwriter Carole Bayer Sager gets fêted by her Hollywood pals

WHEN CAROLE BAYER SAGER PENNED THE LYRICS TO "THAT'S What Friends Are For," she probably had nobler manifestations in mind. But pals Elizabeth Taylor, Clint Eastwood and Farrah Fawcett showed their affection for Sager on Nov. 5 in true Hollywood style: They came out to honor her at a lavish charity shindig.

"Carole is the sister I always wanted," said Taylor, at the \$200-a-plate dinner at the Beverly Hilton hotel (proceeds going to L.A.'s Big Sisters Guild). "I love her with all my heart." The fete also included a benefit auction, but tablemates Fawcett, Nicollette Sheridan, James Woods and Tina Sinatra displayed only the briefest interest in the bidding before revving up the chatter again. Said the empty-handed Sheridan afterward: "My table was too loud."



◀ Farrah Fawcett was teased about her famous locks by emcee Jason Alexander. It was "the worst moment of my life," she joked later.



▲ Is it Liz or is it Memorex? Coiffed to confuse, look-alike pals Sager and Elizabeth Taylor drove the paparazzi to apoplexy.

▼ Chances are Johnny Mathis wasn't thrilled by the ribbing he got from Alexander either, but he put up a brave front.

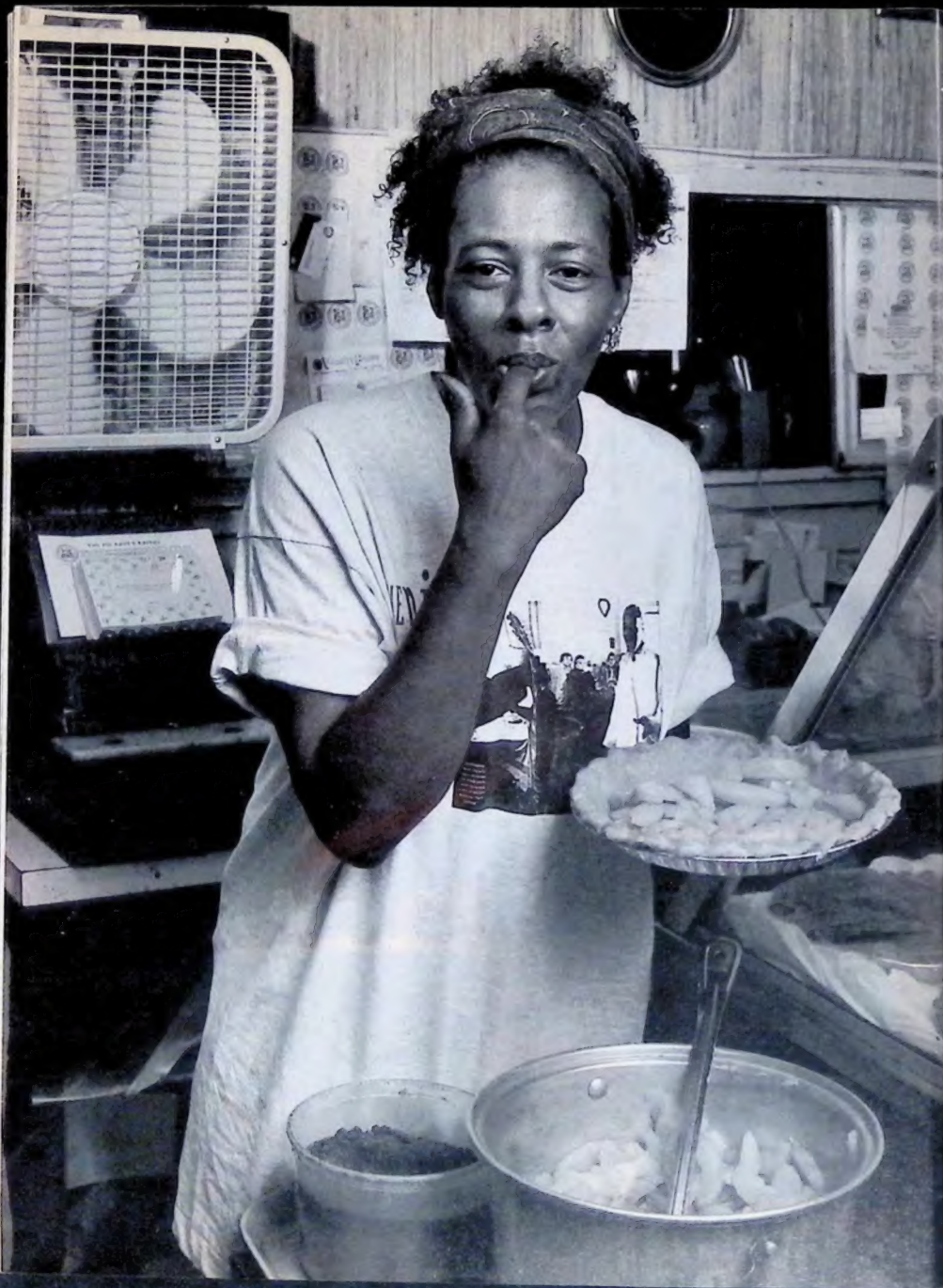


▲ New parents Clint Eastwood and Frances Fisher made the scene without baby Francesca.

◀ Like his character in *The Fugitive*, Harrison Ford (with wife Melissa Mathison) ate—penne and chicken—and ran.



Photographs by Alan Berliner/Gamma Liaison



PIE HIGH

Hit by tragedy, Sarah Clayborne fought back with Grandma's recipes

WHEN TOM CRUISE WAS IN MEMPHIS LAST YEAR FILMING *The Firm*, he raved about the cherry royale pie. Director Sydney Pollack was so impressed with the Glory Hallelujah pie, he left a \$100 tip.

Cruise, Pollack or anyone else who has tasted one of Sarah (The Pie Lady) Clayborne's creations knows her baking comes straight from the heart. What's not so obvious is that it's rooted in tragedy.

On Sept. 29, 1987, before Clayborne had made baking pies her livelihood, her 18-year-old daughter, Eugenia Binkins, and Eugenia's boyfriend, Mark Jones, were robbed and shot in the head by three teenagers in Mem-

"My pies are loaded with love," says Clayborne, who went into the baking biz after daughter Eugenia (above, with sons Ahab, left, and Carmi) was shot and crippled. Ahab (right, with Sarah) was born while Eugenia was in the hospital. "I put him on her stomach so they could bond," says Sarah. "I raise him, but I make sure he calls her Mommy."



phis's Glenview Park. (The assailants were later sentenced to life imprisonment.) Mark died instantly; Eugenia was paralyzed for life and could no longer speak or swallow. Doctors also discovered she was two months pregnant. Seven months later—three of which were spent in a coma—she gave birth to a son, Ahab. "When I saw this beautiful brown head come out of her body," says Sarah, "I knew I was blessed."

Eugenia entered a nursing home in the summer of 1988. To pay for her care—and to support Ahab, his brother, Carmi, now 8, and Sarah's daughter Hadassah, now 11—Clayborne, a trained chef, started selling the prize pies she had learned to make at her grandmother's

side in Chicago. Her first break came when an ecstatic customer offered her two months free rent in a south Memphis building after tasting one of her pies at a fund-raiser for disabled people. Another customer loved her peach pie so much that she bought Clayborne a new oven. So in September 1990, Clayborne opened a luncheonette, specializing in pies with names like Hosanna Hosanna (chocolate, almonds and coconut) and Glory Hallelujah (pears and apples with a lemon glaze). And this month she is moving to a larger location downtown. Her goal is to make enough money with her pies to open a rehabilitation center for indigents. "There is a higher thing going on here," says Sarah. "Pies are my calling." ■



CHATTER

by Kim Cunningham

A RON BY ANY OTHER NAME

Actor **Ron Howard** began directing 16 years ago, but while filming his forthcoming drama, *The Paper*, on location in New York City, he almost felt as if *Happy Days*—not to mention *The Andy Griffith Show*—were there again. "The city is so alive and moving," says Howard, 39. "People wave and say, 'Hi, Ron!' Or they call me

Richie. Or Opie. Or Opie Cunningham." He expects plenty of name-calling at L.A.'s March of Dimes gala on Dec. 10, when Howard and producer

Brian Grazer, his Imagine Films partner, will be honored by friends and colleagues such as **Tom Cruise**, **Michael Keaton**, **Steve Martin** and others. Says Howard, who normally eschews black tie events: "I didn't even own a tuxedo until 1991. I was strictly a rental man."

A Howard: Opie-ate of the people

and colleagues such as **Tom Cruise**, **Michael Keaton**, **Steve Martin** and others. Says Howard, who normally eschews black tie events: "I didn't even own a tuxedo until 1991. I was strictly a rental man."



Matlin:
Definitely not humor-impaired

FUNNY GIRL

Marlee Matlin, who played a hearing-impaired assistant DA on NBC's gritty *Reasonable Doubts* until it was canceled last spring, is looking to change her image. "I want to do something lighter," says Matlin, 28. "I'm not a stand-up comic, but I'm hoping a sitcom will come along." In the meantime, she'll settle for the occasional offbeat part, like playing Jerry's date on *Seinfeld* or a friendly bank robber on a recent *Picket Fences*. "This role let me put out the funny side of me," says Matlin. "There's nothing in it about deafness. It just happens that I am deaf; it's time for me to explore something different. I'm so tired of dwelling on it."

THE TONI AWARDS

No matter how you spell it, there's not a single diminutive of Anthony among the hip-hot R&B trio **Tony Toni Tone**, whose third album, *Sons of Soul*, has gone platinum. The three are **D'Wayne Wiggins**, 31, his brother, **Raphael**, 27, and their cousin **Timothy Christian Riley**, 28. So where does their name come from? "There was a guy on TV named Tony who used to dress real fly," says Riley. "And a friend of ours always had to be looking perfect—his hair looking good and everything—so we gave him Tony as a nickname and started having fun with it. If somebody else came into the house who looked better than he did, we'd say, 'That's a Tony Tony.' When we had our first gig, we were like, 'We don't have a name.' So we just invented it on the spot."

Toni Cubed: Timothy Christian Riley (left), D'Wayne and Raphael Wiggins



Y Young: Woman with a rep



LADY IN DISGUISE

Ever unpredictable, **Sean Young** dons a blond wig to play a comic femme fatale in the sexy spoof *Fatal Instinct*. A natural brunette, she claims it was a stretch for her. "Being blond makes you very ruthless, insane and self-centered," says Young, 34, who once enhanced her own reputation for eccentricity by appearing on the *Joan Rivers Show* dressed as Catwoman to win that role in *Batman Returns*. (The part went instead to blond Michelle Pfeiffer.) "I know a lot of actresses who'd love to have my reputation," says Young. "One thing that's consistent is that when my name comes up, people go, 'Oooooooh! What's she like?' At least that's what people tell me."



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